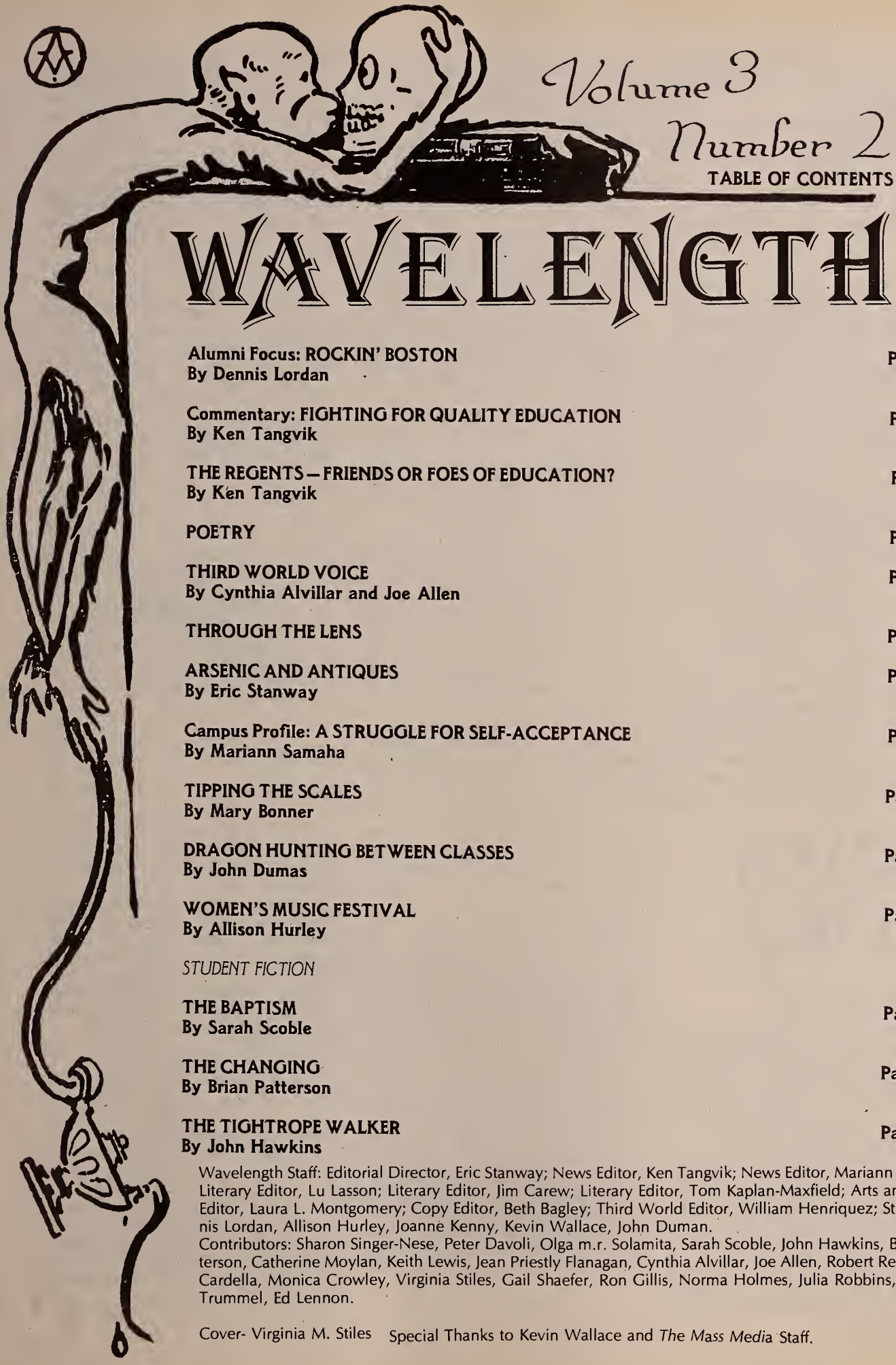
WAVELENGTH

in moist autumn ground
headstones sink closer
to their dead
growing smaller
as i come closer
to the red
that spatters the ground

the smell of death
lies heavy in my lungs
take a breath
the spirits lunge
at my neck
the garrote of black night
bulging eyes
screams of the
demons' lament

moonlight like
gossamer wings
brush silk thread
against my skin
scream for the lover
hideous love lies dead
sallow cheeks
grottos of her eyes
granite scratched
trapping the ghost
of time

Allison Hurley



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Number 2

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Cover- Virginia M. Stiles Special Thanks to Kevin Wallace and *The Mass Media* Staff.

Nov. 1981

Editorial

A Question of Choice

In a discussion I had recently with a professor in the English department concerning what he thought Halloween really meant, he recounted an interesting anecdote. Seems he was in charge of giving out the candy on this particular Halloween, in the ritual we all know as "trick or treat." Well, as might be expected, various children showed up over the course of the evening, dressed as ghouls, witches, Frankenstinian monsters, etcetera, all chanting the same request of "trick or treat," while their parents hovered discretely yet protetively in the distance.

After a while, an adventurous spirit came over him, and, when faced for about the fourteenth time with this ultimatum, he requested a trick.

The kid stared up at him, dumfounded. "Trick or treat," he repeated.

'No, no, no," replied the professor. "No treats until you give me a trick."

Lost in confusion, the child stared up, open-mouthed, evidently wondering why candy was not being inserted into his bag, after he had said the correct phrase. Maybe he should say it again. "Trick or treat?"

The professor, shaking his head, once more denied the request.

Utterly confused by this time, the child followed his basic instincts: he began to cry. The professor was thus forced to relent.

The point behind this should probably be too obvious to be gone into. What are we teaching our kids? The very phrase of "trick or treat," is a threat. It implies that either the owner of the household produce some sort of goods, or else run the considerable risk of having his windows soaped, his car egged, or his doorstep smeared with some sort of vile substance. Not that I'm advocating this kind of behaviour, but the *choice* was no longer evident in this case. The child is merely taught that, if he goes up to a door and says "trick or treat," clearly enough and loud enough, he will be given candy. That's like bribing a chimp to push a button, so as to get a banana. The same motives are present, and independent action is eliminated.

Perhaps the citizens of the community felt this the best way to deal with something like Halloween. After all, no one really wants to see kids running around on the rampage, even if only for one night a year.

But turning these kids into drones — is that any better? Where's the fun in something as predictable and pathetic as that, anyway?

You have no doubt noticed, by now, that this is our promised Halloween issue, chock full of supernatural phenomena, psychic manifestations, and the like. Thanks to all those that sent in their short stories and poems; our "grand pumpkin" winners are printed within, along with some notable runners-up.

As to real-life horrors, Ken Tangvik has produced some interesting information on the backgrounds of the Regents, which should expel, once and for all, any notion that they have any regard at all for the future of public higher education.

On the lighter side, we have coverage of the Womyn's Music Festival in Michigan, interviews with three Jazz musicians, late of UMass, and a talk with the proprietor of a very singular Cambridge antique and curio shop.

One last word: we need your contributions, as always. Art, poetry, and articles would be greatly appreciated, as well as any feedback on this, or other past issues of *Wavelength*.

Eric Stanway

news brief

So Long, Officer Green

Officer Billy Green of the campus police force has recently been dismissed from his job. Informed sources have revealed to *Wavelength* that Officer Green got caught stealing Vice-Chanellor Baxter's police radio. Apparently, the radio was found in Green's work locker.

Green was well-known on the campus for many of his antics. During the student occupation of the administration building in the spring of 1980, Green led a group of campus police through the administration building at 4:00 a.m. blowing police whistles into the ears of sleeping students. Green also was known for provoking students by swinging his "Billy" club and asking students to come to a bar in Hyde Park where he worked if they wanted to "settle" anything with him.

Nixon's Thugs

Recently, a transcript of a taped conversation between former President Richard Nixon and H. R. Haldeman was published in the N.Y. Times. On the morning of May 5, 1971, while demonstrations against the war in Vietnam were going on in Washington, Nixon and Haldeman discussed a scheme to employ Teamster Union thugs to assault the demonstrators. The following dialogue took place:

Haldeman — *Just ask them (Teamsters)*

to dig up those, their eight thugs . . .

Nixon — *Yeah, they (Teamsters), they've got guys who'll go in and knock their heads off."*

Haldeman — *Sure, murderers, guys that really, you know, that's what they really do . . . they are regular strike buster types who are gonna beat the — out of some of these people. And uh, and hope they really hurt them. You know, I mean go in with some real — and smash some noses.*

Honesty Party

The political scene in Cambridge has been brightened recently by a young man named Brian Feiganbaum. Brian has founded a new political party called the Honesty Party and is running for Cambridge City Council on an anti-military economy, pro-cooperative living platform. Recently, the Honesty Party, with the help of the Boston Free Food Committee, sponsored a fund raising dinner for Brian. The $.25 per plate dinner attracted over 100 people raising $25.00 for Brian's campaign.

Letters

Don't Tear Down- Build Up

An Open Letter To Ken Tangvik

Dear Mr. Tangvik,

In response to your article in the September issue of *Wavelength* entitled "How to Beat the 'T' ", you did an excellent job of defining the problem, but your solutions are hopelessly immature and useless, short-or-long term.

The MBTA is obviously not the best public transportation system possible. Having just returned to the States after three years in Berlin, W. Germany, I know what a first-class public transportation system can be. In Berlin, subways run on schedule to the second, and connect with buses covering almost every street in the city. The cost is higher there, 1.80 DM (about ninety cents), but one can go for ninety minutes in one direction, changing from subway to bus to bus, and even stopping off in-between to shop as long as it fits within the ninety-minute limit.

The subways in Berlin are clean and modern and safe (as is almost everything in Berlin), and best of all it is run on the 'honor system.' There is no turnstyle; one is trusted to purchase a ticket or to have a pass.

So that is the kind of system we want in Boston. But it won't happen using your methods, Mr. Tangvik. You advocate bribing and harrassing 'T' employees (who are, after only, only people doing their jobs), stealing rides, and even threatening the life of the governor. It would follow, then, I assume, under your philosophy, that if I think prices in the food market are too high, I can take what I want and leave without paying. After all, it's doubtful the store owner will chase me. Hopefully, he'll only curse me, and deep down admire my method of getting food. Of course, if everyone resorts to this method the food market will soon be forced out of business, as will the MBTA if we use your methods.

No thank you, Mr. Tangvik. As a UMass student with no personal transportation, I'm happy to have the 'T', dirty, inefficient, and expensive as it is. Without it, I couldn't get to school. And as old-fashioned as it may sound to you, I will pay for my ride. Some of us must, as the 'T' couldn't operate for free-loaders like yourself.

Why don't you really put your creative energy to work and take positive action. Don't encourage others to tear down our city; build it up.

Yours for a better Boston,
Jenny Bowers

B.A.A.R.D. not A.W.O.L.

Dear *Wavelength:*

You wrote on page 7 of your Sept., 1981 issue that our address is 595 Mass. Ave. and our telephone no. is 661-4694. You are probably not aware that this is a big-Big- mistake. AWOL and Clamshell are at the address and phone no. you printed. They are not always careful about informing people where BAARD is currently. Thanks for correcting the oversight.

Again, we are — Boston Alliance Against Registration and the Draft — BAARD — 646 Green st.,Cambridge 02139. Tel. no. 354-0931. Mailing address: p.o. box 2760, Boston 02208.

Louise Fiore,
staffperson for BAARD

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Dennis Lordan

Alumni Focus

Rockin' Boston

by Dennis Lordan

I'm sure you've seen them roaming the campus with axe in hand, "farout" clothes and peculiar ways about them. They are artists: people through whom nature has chosen to channel her truth and beauty. Musicians are especially sensitive creatures, however most prefer to spend large amounts of time with their Muse; therefore they are hard to pin down for a deeper look. Last spring's Jazz Ensemble Festival at UMB provided an entertainment highlight never to be forgotten.

The three interviews arranged just happen to be with white males, although more than one admitted to red blood in their veins and tissues. (Larry Mancini also has blood in his veins, but he is not sure if it belongs to him or merely on loan from the Institute for Contemporary Antiphrasis.) The interviews' primary focus concerns UMB's music department's impact upon these budding talents. All of the artists have had their musical horizons broadened. Here's what they had to say:

Peter Patterson (known to some as 'Jaceau') became attracted to the mysterious drawing power of music at an early age. The archaic and timeless quality of music enraptured him and he knew instinctively that music would be his life. Peter grew up with acid rock and such artists as Jimi Hendrix and the Jefferson Airplane motivated him to buy a guitar and destroy his fingers learning to play. At sixteen, he performed with a garage band in the Boston area. Later on, in his early twenties, he began playing "experimental music;" eliminating conventional rules and structure to pioneer what he calls "no holds barred" music.

What kind of music are you playing today?

P.P.- I'm primarily into jazz fusion, classical fusion, and dissonant stuff. I'm still into heavy rock but moving towards a fusion of *all* music, following the rules with the freedom to innovate when it feels right. Right now, my psyche needs the ties with the past. I'm putting a large amount of energy into Classical music.

What has been UMB's influence on your music?

P.P.- The people in the music department are very knowledgeable and helpful. John Huggler is a very outrageous man. There's a family feeling here; a better feeling than at other institutions of higher learning I've been to and they include schools in Manhatten and L.A. Yes, the people are top notch and in particular, Zebrowski is incredible! Just relating, talking with them stimulates the muscles of the brain, providing a consequent increase of ideas and possibilities.

How do you find the school, overall?

I'm a little disappointed. There are people here with a lot of hang-ups, racists in particular. But these bad people have a minimal effect due to the variety of people. There is a positive influence, many decent philosophers abound at UMB. My style is avant-garde and I get harrassed mostly by "jock" types but they've got some good sense about them, I haven't had my face busted. I find a balance of intellect and emotion in the people I've met but I don't know whether this has any bearing on this environment; however, I've never stayed so long at any other school. I never want to graduate, because once you stop learning you're dead. I don't want to come off as a "belleweather" or "a leader of great sheep"; I'm not a moralist, I'm just as I am: As heart, mind, soul. UMB is not more overwhelmingly sane as everywhere else. UMB is more aware of its problems. The status of musician does not put one beyond racism, I feel there is duality in all fields.

Is there a music course you're taking this semester?

P.P.-Yes, Louis Krasner's. That amazing man must be bordering on 200 years old and he shares all his musical wisdom that has just piled up over the years. He doesn't need to teach the class from any

book, his mind is a legacy of musical experience."

Have you been performing around town?

No, I've been in the studio with Paul Shea playing real good "adult rock". Studio musicians usually just take any and all jobs, I take only what I like. I'll be in the studio until December.

What have you been writing lately?

P.P.-Dark rock/jazz fusion with very negative lyrics. I'm drawn to the arcane, bizzare and psychotic. An artist's integrity demands a portrayal of reality. I'm more concerned with cause than effect. For example, if someone were to come into the Pub right now and shoot me in the arm, I would not care about getting the bullet out, but rather, why did this person shoot me in the arm? At what point does art transform technique? How much of the artist is coming through and how much is it the technique or vehicle for conveying the artists portrayal?

Peter Patterson — *Dennis Lordan*

Rick Haddad grew up in Roslindale and every since he began banging on pots and pans while seated majestically on his mother's kitchen floor, he knew that drumming would be, for him, the dream. As well as being a nightlife pulse racer, Rick has been directing (and producing whenever WUMB gets back on it's feet) a show since the summer. Rick and another WUMB staffer taped live jazz acts, comedy routines and theater; and put it onto a format which came out pretty well. It was supposed to have been produced and aired around this time of year; but he's got a whole shelf of tape sitting waiting for WUMB to revive.

What's the name of your band?

R.H.- The Boston Brats. I've been with them for about a year.

Why do you call yourselves the Boston Brats?

R.H.- Because it stands out. It grabs people's attention. It's sort of an image type thing. It's high energy synch. We want to portray that in the name, to get that right out. Don't come out to see us, if you're not up for going nuts.

Where are you playing these days?

R.H.- Everywhere, we play a lot. We play at *Jacks* and the *Oxford Ale House* in Cambridge. We play at the *Sanctuary* out in Worcester, a big club in Worcester; at the *Place* up in New Hampshire, which is another big club. We play at the *Frolics* up in Salisbury Beach and we play at the *Ocean-side Cellar* quite a bit, down in Marshfield. That's a WCOZ thing.

Rock Against Racism?

R.H.- It's not RAR, it's a COZ thing. They were doing a Muscular Dystrophy drive and we were doing some benefits shfield, which should be a really good time 'cause we have a pretty good following down there. We're just starting to get big in Boston now because we don't play too much in Boston, we play a lot of suburban clubs.

When was your last gig?

R.H.- "My last gig was . . . Saturday night (October 3rd) we played *The Turnbuckle* up in Salisbury, near Salisbury Beach. That is a real disco-type club; real plastic. They have one of those bulls, one of those mechanical-bull things.

Do you play at many disco clubs?

R.H.- Yeah, 'cause we play a lot of covers, so we play a lot of commercial rooms; and that's where we make a lot of our money. I played five nights last week and made quite a bit of money. I'm making a living at it, anyways; which is unusual for a rock band.

Has any exposure at UMass made any connections for the band?

R.H.- We're going to try to get a gig here. A lot of people who go to UMass are personal friends of mine who follow the band. "The Lifters" were playing here one night and I spoke to Michelle Gray and told her that the "Boston Brats" were interested in playing on campus sometime.

How did you decide upon your name, "Boston Brats"?

R.H.- Okay, the lead vocalist and, I don't know, we just sat down and umm, we came about the name of "smashed rat brains." We turned that around, and the initials of that spells 'Brats'."

Yeah, okay. (uncertain laughter)

R.H.- We just came about it. The name just popped up. We came into a controversy; we were 'Brats' for a long time. And there's two bands that circulate the area named 'Brat'. They were doing almost the same club scene as we were but they weren't getting as many bookings as we were because they had sort of a reputation. And we were losing gigs because of their name; their reputation. So we put 'Boston' in front of it and that gave it a little snap. (snaps his finger several times)

Did your work at UMass, music courses help you at all?

R.H.- Yeah, I did a couple of things in jazz ensemble with Dee Myers. And she was great, really super. She had the most impact on my growth as a musician at UMass, without a doubt.

Why don't you introduce the rest of the 'Boston Brats'?

R.H.- Alright, let me introduce Suzanne Marie, the lead vocalist. Dave Steele is the lead guitar player. Eddie Waters plays guitar and he also plays multi-keyboards, he does a lot of the vocals as well. The bass player's name is Paul Korinski, Karinski; Polish name, you know. Well, everybody writes in the band, half cover, half original. At this point we're working with M.K. Associates; Michael Krane Associates. He does all the management and booking for us.

Who had a big musical influence on you, growing up?

R.H.- Growing up it was all the jazz greats like Buddy Rich; then I started getting into the (Billy) Cobham thing. And listening to Emerson, Lake and Palmer; with Carl Palmer on drums, he's amazing! But right now, today, like Stuart Copeland of the 'Police' is a heavy influence; he's hot! Also Steve Gadd who has played around, he's a

studio player. Those players are like people I listen to all the time and try to cop riffs off of them. I'm still taking lessons. I've been playing for a year. I went to the New England Conservatory for about a year and a half. I studied with a number of people and studied theory, the whole thing. But, I'll always take lessons, I'm always learning. Some things you gotta' work on. The Brats have high energy. It's geared toward rock with a little bit of a new-wave feel. We just put in an advertisement to the Phoenix and we're starting to get some exposure.

So you enjoy going out there every night?

R.H.- Yeah, it's cool. It's different 'cause you play in different clubs, you meet different people. It's a weird world. I mean you're in the night world all the time. It's tough waking up for classes.

Do you run into any personality conflicts with the band?

R.H.- Lots of heavy! The band has gone through a lot of problems, because we've had problems keeping bass players. That's caused a lot of tension within the band. When that tension comes up, the whole ego thing comes into play. Right now, we have probably one of the best bass players in town as far as rock is concerned. He's got everything; a good player with good looks and his head is totally into the whole thing. It's somebody that we were looking for and we were lacking in that, and that always hurt, it held us back. But right now, things are moving much faster, everybody is in perspective now, because of him. Over the last couple of weeks everything has been pretty cool, but we were going through some dire straits for awhile. But things have pulled themselves out of it. Everything's on the up and up.

What do you think of the atmosphere here at UMass?

R.H.- I think it's been real good to me. I've been going here for two years now and I have credits from other schools going here. I've had a good time here. I'm in the management program so I'm going into the whole business aspect of the whole thing. And, well things are a little shakey this semester, for me individually. Overall, the school has had a really good influence on me. It's got me a lot further than I thought it would. I've been opened up to a lot of things.

Any words of advice you'd like to impart to the UMB community before we end this interview?

R.H.- Yeah, come out and see the band. That's the big thing. Support your local band members (laughter). Boston is happening! Support a lot of all kinds of local music: Jazz, rock, funk, reggae; a lot of everything. People have got to make a living at it, you know?

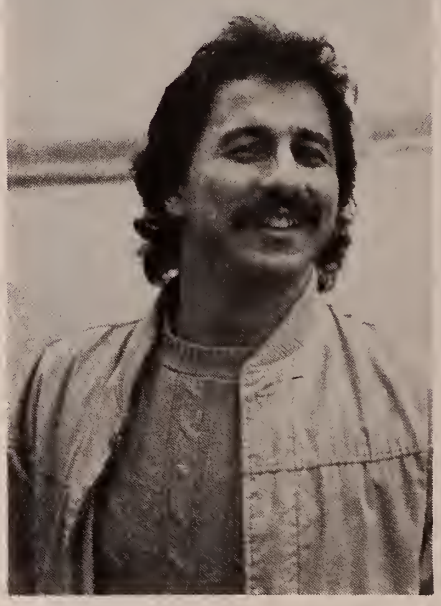
Larry Mancini has played guitar for a very long time; longer than most people can remember. He plays a guitar because . . . well, why else? For him, it adorns his life with a Silver Lining.

Why did You go into music, Larry?

L.M. I look at it as this, I didn't know any better so I got into music; and I still don't! Actually I want to be a rock & roll black hole . . . or rock and roll Kozmic Dust! The kind of rock I play is not familiar, I don't hear it on the radio stations that I listen to; it's mostly sixties rock and jazz fusion.

Who was your biggest influence growing up and playing the guitar?

L.M. . . . Well, probably the Allman Brothers; Duane Allman and Jerry Garcia: and Pat Metheny is a real just like this kind of fusion of different elements.



Rick Haddad — *Dannis Lordan*

It's not really jazz, not really rock. Some really good dance music, some really cerebral stuff. I really love all different types of music; there's something about music that's really hard to define. Like it's hard to catagorize yourself. I love rhythm and blues, rock, jazz and classical. It's all one. All one big mess! Yuk-yuk!

How long have you been playing wih Phil and the Silver Lining?

L.M. Phil Cardillo (another shining band member and close associate of Larry's, plays lead guitar for Silver Lining) and I have played together for seven years. We got to know each other in Clifton . . .

Clifton?

L.M. New Jersey; It's like I grew up mostly there, and he grew up mostly all there. So, like we were both in the eleventh grade, we met through mutual friends and . . .

Had you been playing guitar before then . . . like since you were knee high to a toad?

L.M. No. I didn't really start till the tenth grade; before that I played trumpet from third grade till ahh, the ninth grade.

Does that have any bearing on your guitar playing ability?

L.M. "No, just that music took me when I was very young and hasn't let go."

Where are you playing these days?

L.M. Well except for rehearsals in the basement; nowhere.

When was you last gig?

L.M. Ahh, the Cambridge River Festival. Trying to get together a band and trying to get to play places around town and the suburbs is hard. We have some prepared music. We're not going for disco clubs. We do some jazz work too. But I heard that jazz jobs as a group aren't really . . . I don't know we haven't put very much work into it in our rehearsals. If we had enough time, I think all of us are good enough to do it. But like some of us are better than others. Like Slam Shanahan the piano player is real good playing jazz; and John Hawkins (bass player) and Mitch Throop (drummer) are pretty good. But like probably Phil and myself are the weaker jazz elements . . .

Why do you call yourselves "Silver Lining"?

L.M. Oh, Silver Lining. We had a hard time deciding on a name. And like; I like this one a lot except it could be misinterpreted. For me, it's an appropriate name, because like for me it's kind of like a silver lining. Like the group when its playing music and all. But it has this pretentious ring to it. Just like it's "They call this group the Silver Lining!" (spoken as if critics were hurling deprecation at the band's egotistical pompousity) And I don't know, I kind of still like it anyway.

How did you decide upon it?

L.M. I don't know, it's just like; Phil and I have been playing togeher for a while and we've tried to have these different groups (laughs) and it just seems things have always gone wrong and all.

There were a lot of clouds and finally there was a silver lining?

L.M. Yeah, it seems like we gained stuff, like through all the hassles. It's a big part of our philosophy about things in general.

Did your work at UMass help you out at all?

L.N. NO!

No? (mock disbelief)

Larry Mancini Phil Cardullo *Dennis Lordan*

L.M. (Laughter)

You mean the Music Department is a total washout?

L.M. Great de-say-sions. No . . . ah yeah it did. It was weird like when I first went there, I was here for a year, and I took Music Theory. It was the only music course I took back then. I wasn't really in the right space to be, there; so I dropped out for a year and a half. And then I was gonna to take a lot of music courses; and then, right then it wasn't really clicking for some reason. There was like stuff I wanted to know of the psychological aspects of music. That really fascinated me; that like no music school I've ever heard of really deals with. What I got there was like exercises to do: Like to do; like to ahh . . .

Transpose musical scores and the like?

L.M. Yeah.

A lot of clasical music? Classical backgrounding?

L.M. Yeah. Which was good, cause I didn't have it; like that's what they teach and I didn't have that. I'd always listen to the radio for that stuff. And I stopped listening to radio and instead I'd sit there in class and listen to scratchy records. And I grew up on AM Radio, not really classical music.

Who had a noticable influence on you in that department?

L.M. Patterson was a big influence. and ahh, Marty Pearlman was real good. They were *all* pretty good. They're good professors and a lot of them were asses, (chuckles). Larry Berman really knows a lot of stuff; really interesting. This one professor: I just had him for this one course in Jazz and got strange vibes from him. It's like on the first day of class he told us that no one could smoke in class 'cause, like it'd be rude to have smoke bothering your neighbor. And like after he got done telling us that, he lit up a cigarette. I forget, it was like a little while later; five or ten minutes, he's like; smoking! Really strange!

Has any exposure at UMass made any connections of the band?

L.M. Well, I was playing with Jeff O'Neill who's a student there. Jim plays keyboard for the present band and he played with me in this previous band called "Standing Wave," which broke up last February. So the current band, "Silver Lining", is a kind of continuation. You know what else was good, umm, at UMass was the chorus, conducted by Larry Hill. I enjoyed that. I don't know. I found the whole department to be kinda' pretty much mellow. Like it kinda' wasn't real hard core; so you could go at your own pace and see. I don't think it's a place like Berkeley where they have a real strict curriculum; and if you go through it, you learn a lot. But it's like, I mean I guess as in your attitude in dealing with it; it's kinda' like it can turn out this, like you know, machine-like musician who's like worked hard and done all this stuff. You know, gone through all these exercises. Whereas UMass was a lot less strict; it wasn't nearly as hard core; and there's a lot more freedom. Like I was studying classical stuff mostly there and I had time to do what I wanted; like the other elements of music I was interested in. Just working on my own . . .

You found having more free reign to be an asset to your education?

L.M. Yeah, but like some people might say; "Like this really sucks or something", because they didn't learn anything. They'd learn it but they wouldn't know it. But it worked out for me because it wasn't expensive, pretty nice atmosphere and it didn't demand all my time.

At this point in the interview, Larry's roommate entered the room and asked if he had seen her "broken" socks laying about. Raising a pair of likely-looking socks he found under the sofa to eye level, Larry asked if he had discovered the socks in question. As it turns out, they weren't the foot coverings she sought. This being the case, the interview was concluded so Larry could aid her in her quest.

As a note, the contradictory activity of our infamous smoking professor about smoking can be easily explained. Although he reminded his students that there was no smoking in class, nobody reminded *him* that there was no smoking! No doubt, he simply forgot. And besides, enjoying tobacco on the job or anywhere is *not* smoking really; it is merely a way to dirty the lungs while paying homage to Queen Nicotine.

COMMENTARY

Fighting for Quality Education

Olga m.r. Solamita

Capital police stop UMB students from entering Governor King's office during a protest against state-wide cutbacks in higher education.

by Ken Tangvik

It appears that the wounds are deep, morale is low, and confusion is rampant as a result of the latest battle in the fight for public higher education in Massachusetts.

The casualties are many for working-class, minority and non-traditional students in Boston; a $6 million budget shortfall, a 27 percent increase in tuition, crowded classrooms, faculty layoffs, course deletions, students dropping out of school, cutbacks in departments and programs, a blatantly inadequate day-care system, the loss of the free period, and the violent dismantling of Boston State College, an institution that has faithfully and courageously served the people of Massachusetts for 130 years.

As the dust settled, it became clear that Massachusetts had dropped from 48th in per capita spending for public higher education in the United States to 50th, spending only 4 percent of the total state budget on higher education, while the national average is 12 percent. Our governor and state legislators also found it necessary to allocate 90 percent of the state funded student aid to private, rather than public institutions.

President Reagan's kick in the face to students added further grief to this bleak picture. The cuts in federal aid will be so drastic at UMB that the National Educational Association (NEA) has stated, "... there won't be many institutions harder hit by the Reagan budget than the University of Massachusetts at Boston ..."

Although the enemies of quality public higher education in Massachusetts, including big business, the high tech industry, insurance and financial conglomerates, and institutions of private higher education have won the latest battle, the opposing forces are slowly regrouping, hoping and searching for the momentum and strategy that will successfully carry them into future battles.

Here at UMass/Boston, the majority

of students and faculty seem to be unconcerned by the recent attacks on public higher education. However, unnoticed to many, there have been many loosely connected groups and individuals who have begun to undertake the responsibility of organizing a movement that could preserve the quality of education here at UMB and at other public universities and colleges in Massachusetts.

When the reorganization crisis spontaneously intensified in late August because of Regent's Chancellor Duff's three week "shot-gun" merger plan, pro-education forces began to mobilize immediately.

The *Mass Media* staff quickly sifted through the tornado-like rumors and painstakingly searched out information about the reorganization process in spite of a complete lack of cooperation from the UMB administration. The *Media* staff and friends then spend many hours stuffing newspapers into envelopes that were sent to the homes of over 9,000 UMB students so that the students, who found their summer vacations extended by two weeks, could have access to correct information.

During this period, Student Trustee Don Babets spend countless hours on the phone pressuring everyone from state legislators, to Governor King's aides, to members of the Board of Regents in order to gather facts. Babets was so successful in his pursuits that Chancellor Robert Corrigan admitted that at times Babets knew more than he did about what was going on.

Also at this time, concerned students from UMass/Boston and Boston State formed S.O.R. (Students Opposed to Reorganization) and began planning leaflets, teach-ins, rallies, and lobbying strategies. The UMB faculty-staff union began to fight back and formed working committees for lobbying, filing grievances concerning job conditions, and documenting the numbers of students who were shut out of classes.

When classes finally began on September 14, activity increased as more individuals began to organize in the interests of higher education.

Many concerned faculty used the classroom to raise the issues involved in reorganization in order to increase student awareness. Several women students and faculty came together to defend womens' studies. A black caucus consisting of black faculty and students mobilizd to protect the beleagured Black Studies Department. Workers and parents at the day-care center organized themselves and the S.A.C. began to work on a parent run day-care cooperative under the slogan "To hell with Governor King".

Olga m.r. Solemita

UMB student Michele Gray expresses her feelings in front of Governor King's office.

During the first week of classes the psychology club encouraged hundreds of students to write to their legislators by providing xeroxed letters, envelopes, legislative lists, and postage stamps. At the CPCS college in Park Square, S.O.R. members, members of the newly formed student union, and concerned administrators including Irene Ryan began to work together to educate CPCS students on the issues. The faculty members of he UMB socialist column produced and handed out thousands of leaflets that intelligently analyzed the attacks on education at UMASS and across the state. Thousands of students and faculty signed petitions that called for the resignation of the Board of Regents unless its members vigorously lobbied for a deficiency budget. Hundreds of students on the Harbor campus attended an S.O.R. led rally where lots of high energy, music, and information was shared.

At the city and state-wide levels, coalitions spontaneously formed. Students and faculty from the "Boston Cluster", including Roxbury Community College, UMB, Boston State, and Bunker Hill Community College began meeting to discuss common problems and various strategies. Former Governor Foster Furcillo, the only honorable member of he Board of Regents, called together students, faculty, minority leaders, and labor leaders from across the state to form a "friends of education" coalition. Most importantly, students from over a dozen universities and colleges in Massachusetts met together to form a state-wide organization to protect their own interests.

The first activity of this newly formed coalition was a state-wide boycott and rally at the state house on September 22. Over 1,500 people from across the state attended the rally and then marched together into the state house to talk to state legislators and direct their outrage and frustration at Governor King.

Although the rally was at times disorganized, it proved to be a positive launching of a unified statewide front of black, hispanic, working-class and non-traditional students who are willing and committed to fighting for quality education. The racial unity of the students at the state house exemplified by the hundreds of students from predominantly white Bunker Hill Community College and from predominantly black and hispanic Roxbury Community College who marched together into the state house and confronted Governor King in a militant fashion. Indeed, such unity is an important step in the right direction.

Presently, higher education students are getting hit from all sides. If public higher education in Massachusetts is to survive, immediate action must be taken. Students, faculty, and administrators from all affected institutions should stop bickering amongst themselves and unite in one loud voice. The voice should be one of protest and a call for a drastic change in the attitude of the Regents, the governor, and the legislature. We must insist that every citizen of Massachusetts has the absolute right to a quality education. If not, higher education in Massachusetts will be set back decades and become a privilege of the upper classes.

James Martin, Chairperson of the Board of Regents

Peter Davoli

The Regents

Friends or Foes of Education?

"The governor is putting public education in the hands of the high tech industry"

State Rep. Mel King
Member, Legislative Education Comm.
Oct. 1980

by Ken Tangvik

It would be ludicrous to think that Governor King's 15 member Board of Regents, who are empowered to oversee the 28 state colleges and universities in Massachusetts, would be advocates of public higher education. With the exception of Regent Foster Furcillo, all the regents represent either big business or private colleges and universities. *Boston Globe* columnist Robert Jordan agrees that the regents represent forces that are the enemies of public higher education. With this understood, it is easy to realize why the regents have worked together with the legislature and governor over the past year to raise tuition, fire faculty, and dismantle educational institutions in Massachusetts. Viki Interannte, a UMB student has correctly stated that "putting the regents in charge of public higher education is comparable to asking a wolf to tend the sheep."

What interests do the regents represent? Many of the regents actively campaigned and financed Prop. 2½, a proposition that has crippled education in Massachusetts. Other regents are affiliated with banks and corporations that finance and produce nuclear weapons and are making huge profits from their corporate affiliations in South Africa. Several of the regents have common corporate interests as many belong to the Mass High Tech Council and sit on similar boards of directors of banks and corporations. For example, five of the regents have strong ties with the First National Bank of Boston.

Who Are They?

James Martin — Martin is the Chairman of the Board of Regents. He is currently chairman of the Mass Mutual Life Insurance Company which has over $8 billion in assets. He is also Chairman of the Board of Springfield Central Inc., and Chairman of the Mass. Business Roundtable, an organization consisting of the chief executive officers of the fifty largest private sector employers in Massachusetts. Martin also sits on the Board of the First National Bank of Boston, Stanley Home Products, Milton Bradley, and the Missouri Pacific Corp., a holding company with investments in oil and natural gas. Martin has also served as an economic adviser to the U.S. backed military dictatorship in Chile which, with the help of the CIA, overthrew the democratic popular government of President Allende in the early 1970's.

An Wang — Wang is president of Wang Laboratories, a multinational corporation that has subsidiaries in South Africa. Wang is a member of the Mass High Tech Council and he is also a member of the Board of Directors of the First National Bank of Boston. Wang successfully lobbied to appoint Regent's Chancellor Duff to his present position. Duff is a member of the Wang Institute. Wang Industries contributed $7,000 to support Proposition 2½.

Robert Cushman — Cushman is the chief executive of the Norton Company, a member of the Mass High Tech Council. The Norton Company, whose primary bank is the First National Bank of Boston is a huge multinational conglomerate which owns eight subisidary corporations in South Africa. One of these subsidiaries is named Springbok Tools LTD.

Sister Janet Eisner — President of Emmanuel College.

George Ellison — Ellison is affiliated with N.E. Mutual Life, an insurance company with strong investment ties to the First National Bank of Boston. Thomas Galligan, who is a member of the Board of N.E. Mutual Life is also a Board member of the First National Bank of Boston. Roderick MacDougall, who is on the Board of N.E. Mutual is also on the Board of EG&G, of which Regent David Beaubien is Vice-President.

Ray Stata — Stata is the President of Analog Devices, Computer Labs Inc., and Micro Sensors Inc. All of these corporations are members of the Mass High Tech Council which Stata founded in 1977. Stata, who is a strong advocate of Prop 2½ made sure that his corporation contributed several thousand dollars to the Prop 2½ campaign treasury.

David Beaubien — Beaubien is Vice-President of EG&G, a member of the Mass High Tech Council. EG&G specializes in developing nuclear weapons systems.

Norman Zalkind — Zalkind is a partner in Wolfson Zalkind and Company, an Investment firm.

David Paresky — Paresky is president of Crimson Travel and is a member of the Board of the Mass Port Authority.

Arnold Friedman — Friedman is the editor of the Springfield Morning Union.

Elizabeth Rawlins — Rawlins is the associate Dean of Simmons College.

George Hazzard — Hazzard is President Emeritus of Worcester Polytechnical Institute.

Reverend Francis J. Nicholson — Nicholson is a professor at Boston College Law School. The President of Boston College is a member of the board of directors of the First National Bank of Boston.

Peter Devoli

Regents Stata and Wang are members of the High Tech Council which contributed $135,000.00 to the Prop. 2½ campaign.

Who Do the Regents Represent?

High Tech Industry

Many of the regents are members of the Mass High Tech Council which was founded by Regent Ray Stata in 1977. The Council is a lobbying group consisting of 38 local high tech companies. As well as being Ed King's political base, the High Tech Council sponsored Prop 2½ by donating over $135,000.00 to the 2½ campaign treasury. The High Tech Council has been greatly rewarded for its political efforts. Because of Prop. 2½ high tech corporations will save millions of dollars on their property taxes.

Many of the high tech companies thrive on Defense Deparment contracts. Over 20 percent of the electronics industry in Massachusetts alone is connected with research for the Pentagon. President Reagan's recent conversion of social spending into military spending will greatly benefit high tech companies. EG&G of Needham and Avco Corp. of Wilmington, both members of the High Tech Council will get hundreds of millions of dollars in contracts from the development of the MX missile. General Electric of Lynn, another high tech company will receive a contract for $1.5 billion for the development of the B1 Bomber.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON

Regents Wang and Martin sit on the Board of the First National Bank of Boston and several other Regents work for corporations in the high tech industry that have strong financial ties to the First. According to a paper published by Richard Clapp for the Boston Coalition for the Liberation of South Africa, "the First National Bank of Boston is a powerful financial institution which has a profound influence on the economic policies of the New England region. It is acknowledged as the leading proponent of policies which benefit the current regional profit leader, the high tech industry."

The First National has a long history of making loans to the government of South Africa, a policy that has been extremely controversial for the bank. Presently, the First's exposure in the Republic of South Africa is essentially in the form of trade-related short-term financing under lines of credit for private banks in South Africa. The First has invested $5,442,226.00 of the State Employees' and Teachers' pension funds in South Africa and has also

Continued to next page

THE REGENTS AND SOUTH AFRICA

Many of the banks and corporations that the regents represent have large investments in South Africa, including the First National Bank of Boston, Wang Industries, and the Norton Company. The First National Bank has hundreds of millions of dollars invested in South Africa and Wang Industries and the Norton Company own subsidiaries in the Republic of South Africa.

According to former South African Prime Minister Vorster, "Each trade agreement, each bank loan, each new investment in another brick in the wall of our coninued existence."

The "continued existence" that Vorster was refering to is the most racist and oppressive regime in the world. The majority of South African citizens are denied the most basic human rights such as the right to vote or receive equal pay for equal work, to have equitable access to education or decent health care and the ability to live with dignity in the land of their birth. The white minority enjoys a great luxury and privileges on the basis of a repressive police apparatus. Africans are arbitrarily arrested by the thousands every day for "passbook checks". Black workers who try to organize union and redress grievances at work are met with resistance by employers and with official harrassment.

The major black groups struggling for the right to self-determination in South Africa have called for economic sanctions including withdrawal of foreign corporations. The Black Peoples' Convention declared, "we call upon foreign investors to disengage themselves from this white-controlled exploitative system."

financed weapons manufacturers in South Africa. The bank also holds $79 million worth of Raytheon stock, which is used for producing nuclear weapons.

The Bank's twenty largest holdings total $1.9 billion in companies such as IBM, Exxon, AT&T, General Electric, Kodak, and General Motors — all of whom are involved in South Africa.

The First National Bank has recently been under fire from several Boston community groups for its policies on several issues. Last August 27 thirteen organizations including the MASS Urban Reinvestment Advisory Group, Campaign for Nuclear Divestment, Symphony Tenants Organizing Project, 9 to 5, Boston Committee for the Liberation of South Africa, Back Bay-Beacon Hill Tenants Union, Allston-Brighton Housing Alliance, Local 925 (SEIU), South End Project Committee, Boston People's Organization, National Anti-Racist Organizing Comm., Women's Commission in Exile, and the Boston Jobs Coalition joined together in a press conference to oppose the policies of the bank.

Dennis Lordan

The First National Bank of Boston is well represented on the Board of Regents.

Dennis Lordan

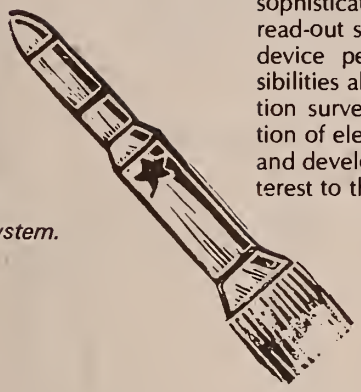
Over 1,500 students and faculty across the state converged at the State House in late September.

EG&G

EG&G, whose vice-president is Regent David Beaubien, is another member of the High Tech Council. EG&G receives large contracts from the Defense Department. The company is a prime contractor for technical and scientific support to the underground weapons test program conducted by the energy research and development administration at the Nevada test site. EG&G nuclear related activities are focused on the design and fabrication of nuclear and diagnostic canisters, timing and contol instrumentation and sophisticated oscilloscope and digital read-out systems for measuring nuclear device performance. EG&G's responsibilities also encompass airborne radiation surveilance, the microminiaturization of electronic systems, and research and development in nuclear areas of interest to the government.

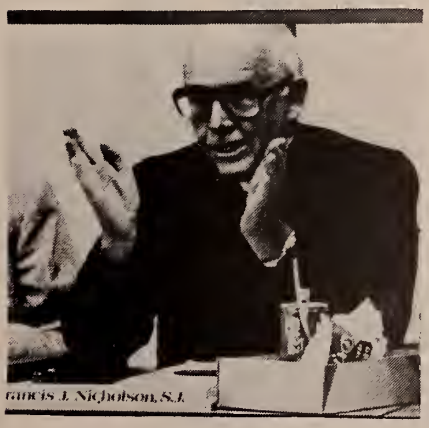
Peter Davoli

Regent David Beaubien is a developer of nuclear weapons system.



Private Higher Education

Four of the regents, Sister Janet Eisner, Dr. George Hazzard, Elizabeth Rawlins, and Reverend Francis J. Nicholson all represent private higher education institutions. Because of the increasing costs of private higher education, the interests of the private institutions are in direct conflict with the interest of public institutions. If the quality of public education is maintained and increased, students are likely to drop out of the private institutions and enroll in the less expensive public schools. If public higher education in Boston becomes more prestigious, the private schools will be less prestigious.



Peter Devoli

Regent Father Nicholson, one of the several representatives of private higher education on the Board.

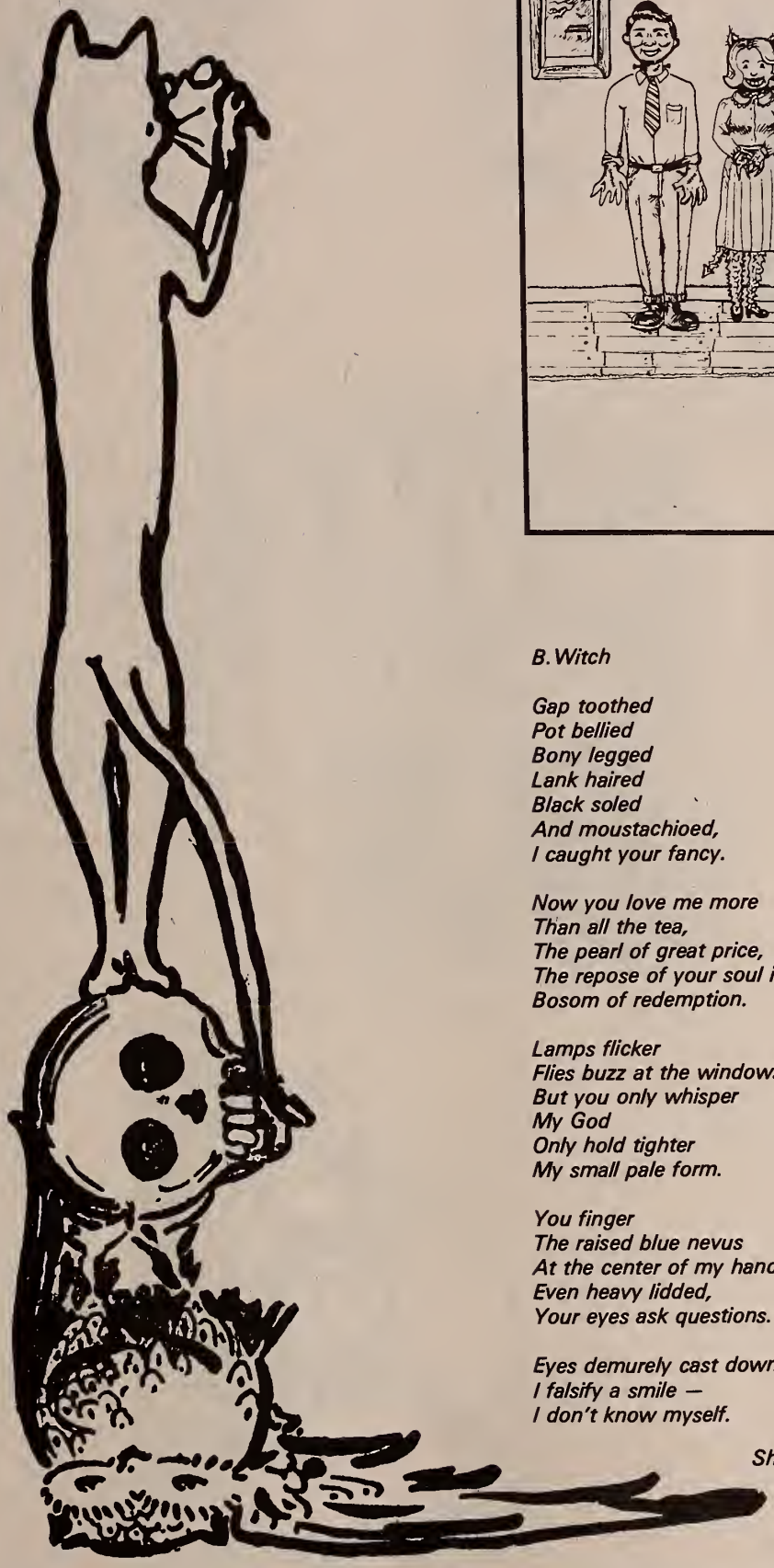
Dennis Lordan

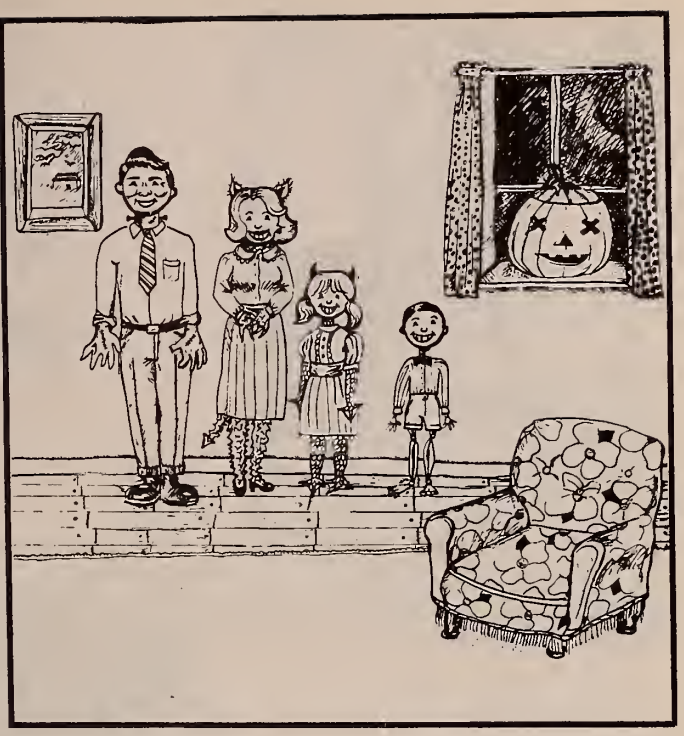
POETRY

Killer-Thriller

full the moon/harvest is bursting
shadows are crawling against my neck
found a psycho killer for the event
the dark one/skin pallid death
clammy fingers/catches my breath
wrap it around my finger
as I choke slowly on shadows
the laughter like a howl
chills broken bones/right for the marrow
my nails on chalky white skin
scream of the blackboard
the blood has stopped
my heartbeat an echo in the rain

Allison Hurley





Julia Robbins

B. Witch

Gap toothed
Pot bellied
Bony legged
Lank haired
Black soled
And moustachioed,
I caught your fancy.

Now you love me more
Than all the tea,
The pearl of great price,
The repose of your soul in the sweet
Bosom of redemption.

Lamps flicker
Flies buzz at the windows
But you only whisper
My God
Only hold tighter
My small pale form.

You finger
The raised blue nevus
At the center of my hand.
Even heavy lidded,
Your eyes ask questions.

Eyes demurely cast down
I falsify a smile —
I don't know myself.

Sharon Singer-Nese

Ed Lennon

HALLOWEEN AT O'MALLEY'S PUB

I enter their dark cavern,
their jack-o-lantern faces grin.
They moan and whistle at my
presence. The one I've
come to find gives me
a yellow grin and I try
to pry him loose. Finally
he is freed, ready to roll
home, the smell of rotten
pumpkin on his clothes.
"It's not so much the drink,"
he says, "as talkin' to the boys."

Jean Priestley Flanagan

DISLOCATED KNEE

the crumbling segments
of your osteomad leg,
kamikazed, unite
then spread
like billows of atomic bombs

a sea of chips
intermingling
interwoven
and introduced as knifing splinters
which send you reeling with excusable cries

the tendons and sinews
exchange bitter greetings
and explore the confines
of your excruciating knee-
as you grit teeth
expelled kneecap bulging with pain
barely hangs on
dragging along ligaments supplied
to keep it in place

you scream as your pathetic patella
is torn from its home
and echo your pain
while it's shoved back again

Keith Lewis

Eric Stanway

The Blind Spot

Only one thing- I know
you wrong Charlie, my boy
or it Jack now
in person- I can't tell:
how often you look
like my own brother
at death with those slit
eyes shifting about
closing together
narrowing down
the cornered blind spot
breaking with speech
some point that might keep
and leave me still
while attention holds
that close a relation
living in the mind, only

D.U. Cardella

Monica Crowley

STRICTLY AUSTRALOPITHECUS

Australia is the last continent
because the kangaroos refuse to give up.
Modern calculation would make them
quite extinct. Luckily, an animal
has no head for figures.
My needs are aboriginal.
Like the merry, merry bird of the bush
who sits in the old gum-tree. . .
My feet dangle in the blue salt sea;
I rest upon wild desert sands.
Kookaburra laughs. The warm place
in my arms is for you to discover.

Robert Reitz

Darkness envelopes me
without question;
buried in gentle shadows
time recedes,
an adumbration
of sun beyond my walls.

From far away she calls
to my dream, white
angel from a speck in the sky
hovers then falls
to rocky waters flight,
seething off of Rivermoore.

With feet sunk in the shore
flight would name my
desire, this dizzying need;
her ineffable lure
is vertigo. I fly
and wail with the seabird

briefly, left with mere words
for perfection.
The sun igniting waters
the frenzied wing of the bird
who has no sanction
but a blind and perfect tear.

She moves the air
the grasses stir
with her cry, her dance
of ecstatic desire
for more, more, more.
I am dumb before her sorrow.

Catherine Moylan

October's Dappled Bellies

i.
You are the dappling light.
Forest dapple there.
Eyes are here, blue as the nitrous sky.
Slithering skin as white as the clouds of Michealangelo, of Mitchell.
i i .
Have we stuffed the hills?
the hills of glory with the feathers of the dead?
The feathers of the dead in a pillow of earth.
Earthen pillows stuffed with the stormy black blood
stuffed with would-be heroes
slain by heroic murderers
Bury in your belly the welcome flesh of Harvest
welcome the dead back home.
The heroes beckon; you open wide and taste the bones of winter, of victory.
i i i .
Ghost of the dappling forest light
Tapestry of wind and rain
Come unto me this Halloween night
and spirit my body away . . .

D. Lordan 10/3/81

University Health Service
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HEALTH AWARENESS WEEK

November 16-20, 1981

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including
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Nutrition Awareness
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Join Us!

THIRD WORLD VOICE

The continual political awakening of the people in the third world has newly inspired great interest in many sectors of the US population and the world. Important political and economic battles fought by Cuba and Nicaragua in Latin America, Vietnam in Asia, Zimbabwe, Angola, Mozambique, as well as El Salvador, Guatemala, Eritrea, South Africa and others has created a comparatively large amount of information about the plight of these resisting nations.

However, because much of the information conveyed by western news agencies is biased, a need is present to tap all sources that can help create an understanding to the causes of the problems affecting these countries.

With this end in mind, *Wavelength* had initiated this section. *Third World Voice* seeks to provide alternative information on the third world and to promote awareness to the real causes of underdevelopment, oppression, and the struggle of these countries. We encourage participation and contributions from UMass students, especially those from Latin America, Africa and Asia. Cultural and artistic expressions are also welcomed. Your comments and suggestions are appreciated.

William Henriquez,
Third World Editor

South Africa

The Struggle Continues

by Cynthia Alvillar

The history of black struggle in South Africa began when the Africans encountered the colonial whites. The Khoisan tribe first witnessed the establishment of the Dutch sailing base on the Cape in 1652 and received them cordially. The white cultural group, comprised of Dutch, German, and French,were encroaching black land by expanding their settlements. Native

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Guatemala

A History of U.S. Intervention

by Joe Allen

The U.S. has a long history of interventions in Guatemala, supporting repressive military dicatorships and opposing the mildest reforming governments.

In 1944, dissident military officers, students, and workers overthrew the repressive Ubico dictatorship in Guatemala. Elections were held and a reformist, Juan Jose Arevalo, was elected president. During the Arevalo presidency, the Guatemalan Congress passed a mild labor code, gave workers the right to organize unions, forced employers to recognize collective bargaining rights, and improved the horrible working conditions of workers. Many employers resisted the labor code, including United Fruit Company, which was based in the United States. At the insistence of United Fruit, the U.S. State Department sent warnings to Arevalo demanding that he "get rid of the Communist sympathizers" who were supposedly in his government.

In the national elections in Guatemala in 1950, Jocobo Arbenz was elected president over the rightist candidate Francisco Arana. Arbenz carried out a radical land reform which nationalized over 225,000 acres of unused land belonging to United Fruit. It was this event that led President Eisenhower to give the CIA the go-ahead to overthrow Arbenz.

The CIA created a mercenary army to overthrow Arbenz and built training bases in Nicaragua and Honduras. Colonel Castillo-Armas, an exiled right winger was chosen by the CIA to lead the mercenary army. The CIA also supplied the most important part of the operation; P-47 Thunderbolt bombers, which were piloted by Americans. On June 18, 1954, Castillo-Armas and his CIA army invaded Guatemala and on July 8, 1954, Armas was officially made president of Guatemala.

After taking power, Castillo-Armas immediately destroyed the two largest unions in the country; the General Confederation of Guatemalan Workers (CCTG), with more than 100,000 members, and the National Federation of Agricultural Workers (CNGG) with more than 200,000 members. Over 200 union leaders and 8000 peasants were murdered in the first two months after Castillo-Armas came to power. He repealed all the previous reforms including the labor code and gave United Fruit back all the land that had been nationalized.

Over the years, the U.S. has built up, trained, and funded Guatemala's military and police to repress any opposition to the government. Between 1950 and 1976, the U.S. trained 3,213 Guatemalan military officers and soldiers in the U.S. and at the U.S. army's jungle warfare school in the Panama Canal Zone. During this period the U.S. also supplied Guatemala with over $74.6 million in military aid. Between 1961 and 1973, the U.S. trained 377 Guatemalan police officers at the International Police Academy in Washington D.C. and supplied Guatemala with $4.8 million in aid to their police force. The U.S. sponsored Agency for International Development trained over 32,000 police officers in Guatemala in the most advanced methods of political repression and counterinsurgency.

Economically, Guatemala became more important to the U.S. throughout the 1950's and 1960's. During this period U.S. investment rose 128 percent. In 1969, U.S. capital respresented 86 percent of the total foreign investment in Guatemala. U.S. investments were concentrated in food processing, pharmaceuticals, textiles, tobacco, iron, and oil refining.

In the early to mid-sixties, guerilla armies began to actively oppose the government. By mid-1966, the Rebel Armed Forces (R.A.F.) and the November 13th Movement (MR-13) had a wide influence over many areas. Guatemala at that time was considered to have the strongest guerilla movement in all of Latin America. However, the guerillas never numbered more than 300 to 600.

The U.S. Army, beginning in 1966, sponsored a massive counterinsurgency program to defeat the guerillas. Colonel John Webber, the U.S. military attache in Guatemala, said that it was his idea and at his instigation that the techniques of counterterror and been implemented by the Guatemalan Army to suppress guerillas. The U.S. also supplied tens of millions of dollars in military and police aid, counterinsurgency planes, helicopters, communications equipment, napalm, and training. Over 8,000 Guatemalans were killed between 1966 and 1968.

Today, Guatemala is a country where 2 percent of the country's 7.2 million people own 70 percent of the cultivatable land. 200,000 peasant

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Africans responded at first by numerous battles which lasted more than one hundred years. Later, when the British took control of the Cape, brute force was used to colonize the blacks, which put an end to the tribal resistance.

The Afrikaners, as the earlier white group came to call itself, were outraged at the abolition of slavery in 1834 by the British and the threat of black political participation. When the Afrikans sought to rewrite the voting qualifications in an attempt to exclude blacks, all-black organizations were formed which tried to bring the settlers to the negotiating table to appropriate equal political power. The Cape Native Convention, founded in 1887, failed to effectively lobby for black political participation. A more militant group was then created; the African Native National Council (later to become the African National Congress) based on the idea that no hope could be placed on conciliatory whites. This group demanded nothing less than full rights for blacks.

In 1890 the Afrikan state passed the first legislative statute of legalized subjugation: the Native Land Act. The policy of physical separation that the Native Lands Act articulated was to effectively confine African occupation of rural land to designated land zones, which covered only 13 percent of the total land. White racial arrogance, formerly termed Afrikanerdom, was now tightening the screws of aparteid, reserving 87 percent of the most fertile land for the whites. This racial subjugation was met with black anger which manifested in 1921 at Bolhoek. Here, people who refused to leave land they had lived on for years were masacred by police who were sent to evict them. Recurring onslaughts such as this moved the Native National Congress into actions including passive resistance, strikes, and boycotts which were directed towards the legislature.

The general elections of 1948 put the Nationalist Party into power. Major legislative moves that were enacted consolidated the minority white dominance over the majority black population. One such act was the Urban Areas Act. This act limited African occupation of urban areas to municipally owned and controlled townships, promoting complete influx control. The legal color bar which reserved jobs based on race and was previously used in industrial fields was broadened to include service and railway systems. African trade unions lost official recognition and union strikes were outlawed. The sole purpose of education, according to a leading head of state, was "to teach the African that he is inferior and that he can never compete with the whites."

To facilitate these moves swiftly, the Bantu Authorities Act was implemented. The single most important aspect of the Bantu system is its structure, since its role is purely advisory. Offices of administration, staffed entirely by officials and African chiefs by hereditary, were chosen by the government. Once given the power to rule, the heads were under complete domination of the white government. Emphasized by the government as an attempt to "preserve and strengthen the Africans' own culture', this piece of legislation made every tribal chief an employee of the Native Affairs Department and relegated chiefs to be hated, petty tyrants who functioned by putting government policies into effect.

Of the various groups formed to voice protest and effect change, the African National Congress (ANC) has the longest history. Limited at first to cooperating with whites, petitioning, speech giving, and resolution passing, the ANC soon realized its strategic invalidity.

After World War II the ANC resurged in a new militancy evidenced by the numerous boycotts, manifestos, and multiracial strikes that it organized. Disillusionment replaced the pre-war idealism that had promised black rights after the war. The youth league of the ANC was created as a reflection of the new militancy and from it emerged leaders like Lithuli, Mandela, Tambo and others.

In 1957, there was a split in philosophy within the ANC, producing a new group, the Pan African Cngress (PAC). Led by Robert Sobulwe, the PAC took a position of racial and militant solidarity, declaring that "the salvation of Africans must be the work of Africans themselves."

With legislation closing of all lawful means of expressing opposition to the principles of apartheid, Africans had either to accept a permanent state of inferiority, or to defy the government. Like the ANC, PAC's first attempts at protest came in the form of nonviolent demonstrations. PAC organized a protest against passbooks on March 24, 1960. On this day, now remembered as the day of the Sharpsville Massacre, police opened fire on peaceful demonstrators, killing 67 people and wounding 200. Almost all persons were hit from behind as they tried to flee. This convinced many Africans that nonviolent resistance could no longer deal with government repression. Both the PAC and ANC were banned that year but each created subordinate organizations that operated underground.

The active protest of the '50's and '60's that appealed to the growing militancy of Africans gradually lost support as government repression increased. As part of the strategy of the Vilijoen Commission of 1958 to develop a "responsible and disciplined urban labor force," the increased repression included a massive crackdown on all opposition, and the jailing of dissident supporters without charge or conviction under the Suppression of Communism Act.

The early 1970's brought many urban workers into organized strikes. The boom of the '60's was coming to an end as capitalist economies throughout the world entered a recession. Yet, the effects of the recession did not hit South Africa until late 1975. By then other factors darkened the economic picture. A 5 percent growth rate was seen as necessary to absorb black youth entering the labor market and accommodate rising military expenditures. Industrial activity fell sharply and the growth rate stagnated at 2.5 percent. Foreign exchanges were depressed as the price of gold fell 100 percent from the prior year. Escalating import costs, needed to complete the industrialization drive, increased deficits. The recession, along with the victories of liberation movements in neighboring countries, affected the politicl conscienceness of many black South Africans.

In 1968 African university students, led by Steve Biko, broke traditional ties with the white-dominated student union to form the all-Black South African Students Organization. Similar to the Black Power movement in the U.S., the guiding spirit of the BCM surged a self-confidence. By early 1970 the BCM became the most important force in Black politics.

The Soweto rebellion in 1976, initiated to protest government educational policies, exploded into a battle between young students and police. Urban workers joined the struggles as they became outraged at the slaughter of their children. Government buildings were destroyed and strikes were organized across the country.

Since the Soweto uprising, the South African government has tried to conceal its present crisis by inducing a calm over investors who have remained nervous since Sowete. The government has increased police repression in the black areas and stepped up propaganda of the ineffectiveness of divestment. They have also attempted to strengthen economic ties with third world countries in trying to create interdependence if foreign investors should pull out. A statement by former Prime Minister John Vorster shows the government's attitude. Vorster said, "It is true that there are blacks working for us. They will con-

continued from p. 23

families own no land at all, 50,000 children die each year of malnutrition, and over 35,000 Guatemalans have been murdered since U.S. subversion in 1954. The murder of trade unionists, peasants, opposition leaders, and guerilla sympathizers continues at a high rate and is likely to increase because of Reagan's pledge to restore military aid to Guatemala.

Out of these conditions has grown a successfull and widely supported guerilla movement. Presently, there are four guerilla armies fighting against the Guatemalan government; the Guerilla Army of the People (EGP), the Revolutionary Organization of the People in Arms (ORPA), the Revel Armed Forces (F.A.R.) and the Guatemalan Workers Party (PGT), The EGP has organized over 75,000 Indian agricultural workers into it's labor union, the Peasant Unity Committee. The union won its first strike in Feb. 1980, raising the daily minimum wage to $3.20. However, the cost of winning the strike was very costly as over 100 peasants involved in the strike were killed by death squads in June of 1980.

President Reagan has pledged to restore military aid to Guatemala in order to "save it from international communism". A few months ago, ex-CIA deputy director General Vernon Walters was sent to Guatemala to begin the process to restore aid to Guatemala. While Reagan plans further interventions in Guatemala, thousands of Guatemalans are sacrificing their lives as they attempt to bring social change and justice to their country. However, Guatemala is not the only Central American country suffering from U.S. intervention. Reagan believes that by sponsoring a war in El Salvador, cutting off economic aid to civil-war devastated Nicaragua, and restoring military aid to Guatemala he can stop the present revoluntionary tide in Central America.

Continued from previous page

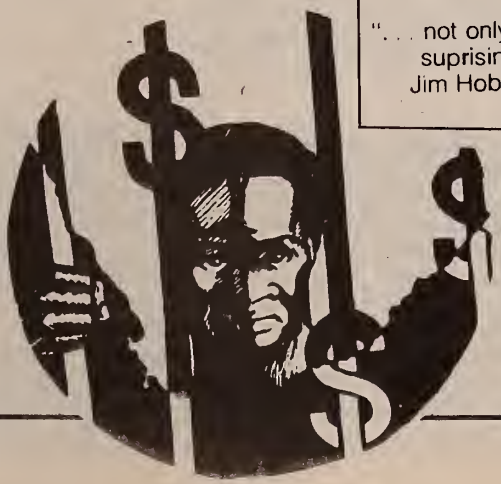
tinue to work for us for generations, in spite of the ideal we have to separate them completely. . . . We need them, because they work for us . . . but the fact that they work for us can never entitle them to claim political rights. Not now, nor in the future."

Recognizing the political dangers of continued apartheid, the west has opted for the removal of "petty apartheid" to democratize the system. The Sullivan Principles call on the U.S. corporations to practice a code of conduct in hiring policies. A corporate sponsored Wiehan Comission proposed in its report the reformation of unionization of blacks, while the similarly sponsored Riekert Commision called for wider commerical black opportunity, the revision of influx control laws, and greater participation in political affairs. Both reports adhere strongly to other policies of apartheid structure.

The illusion that apartheid is being eliminated is the primary purpose of the reforms. GM is one exemplerary to the realities being Sullivan's name. Sullivan sits on GM's board of directors. In the event of black uprising, GM has agreed to "emergency measures" which would put plants under gunpoint rule.

Today, the economic relations are divorced from social relations in South Arica, but they remain paramount causations to the political climate. The structural divisions induced by the state and capital within the working class continues to affect the crisis of South Africa's capital accumulation and its absolute control of the working class. The effects of this crisis are massive increases in unemployment, declined real wages, a gap between skilled and unskilled workers, and the increases of the state's use of repressive force against the black population. In the wake of formenting revolution, the government formulates reformist options. Riots in the Cape, Mugabe's victory in Zimbabwe, and the developments in Nambia have put a strain on the wager of effective reforms.

Now the youth have forced new energy into the liberation movement and have made it clear that they have learned from the past and will further develop in the future. As the liberation movement channels the new forces of resistance developing in the ghettos, they have so intensified guerillia activity that outside observers have acknowledged that South Africa is in a state of revolutionary war. It is this process that will create many more Sowetos that the corporate inspired Sullivan principles cannot allieviate.



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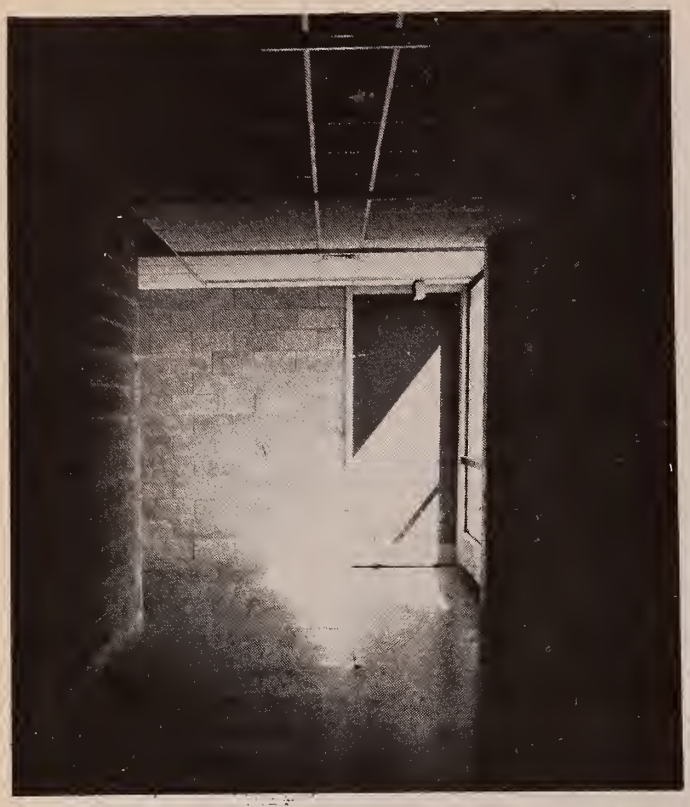
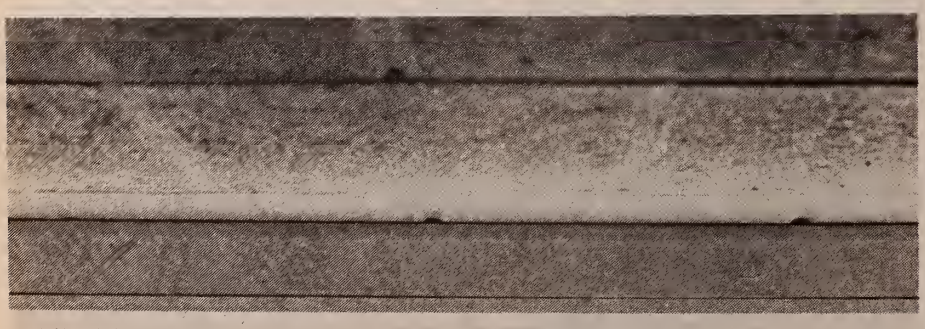


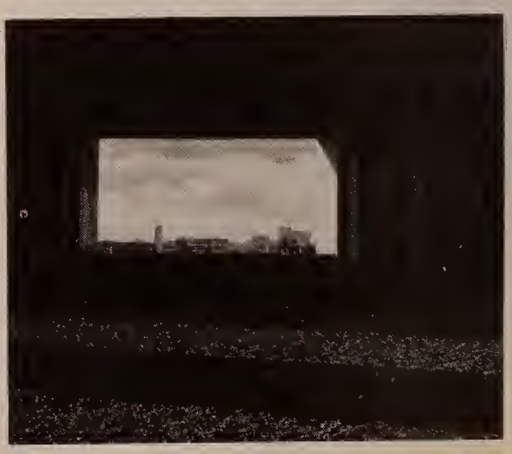
Norma Holmes

Gail Schaefer

Ron Gillis

Gail Schaefer



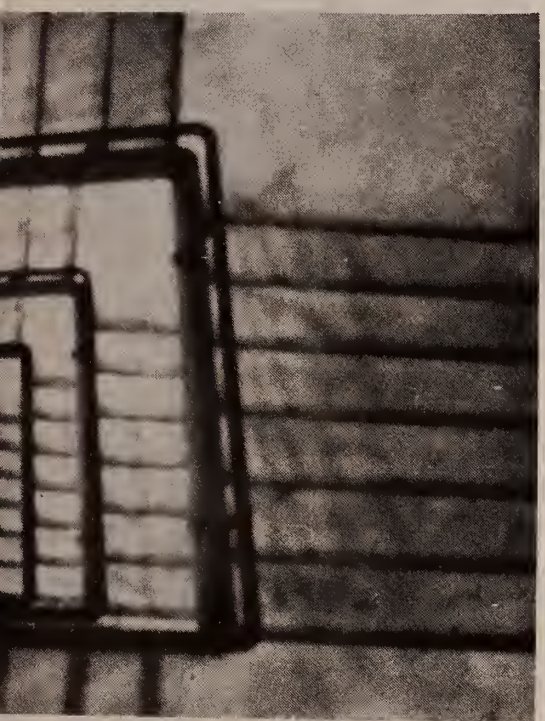


Virginia Stiles

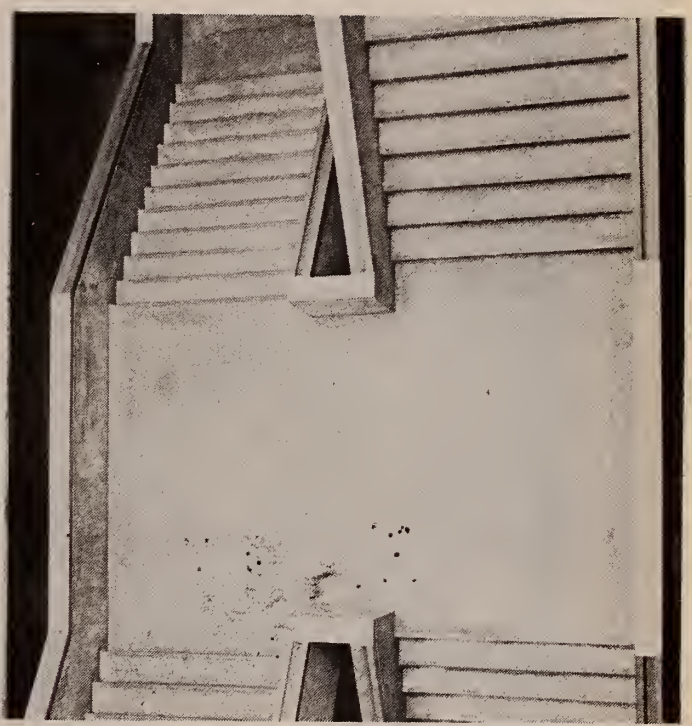
the lens
Photography

Gail Shaefer

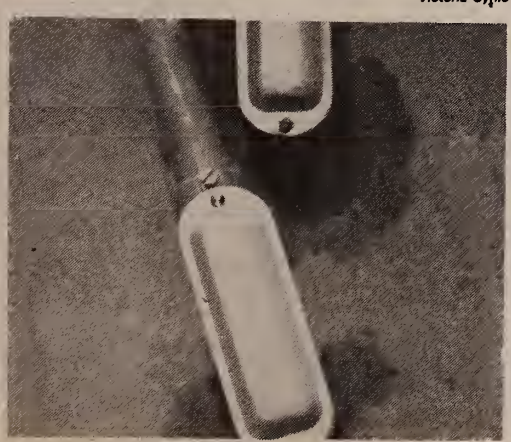
Gail Schaefer



Victoria Cynic



Ron Gillis



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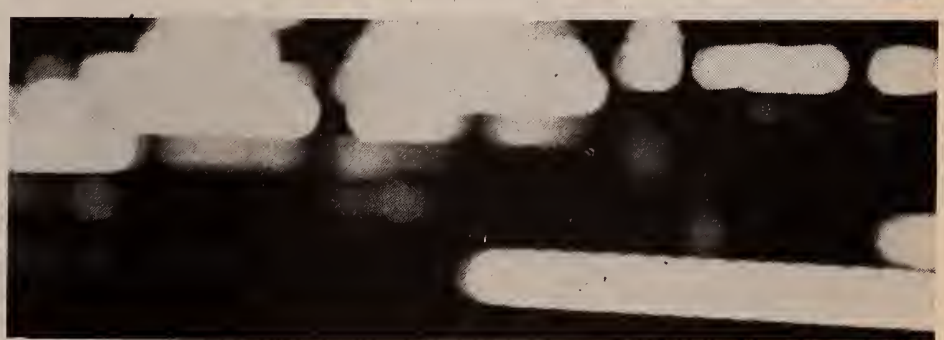


Norma Holmes

Arsenic & Antiques

by Eric Stanway

PHOTOS BY ERIC STANWAY

Cambridge has long been thought of as a haven for eccentrics, of quirky Harvardites and leftover hippies. But even here, among the various esoteric boutiques and faded remnants of psychedelia, there stands a rather singular antique and curio shop. It calls itself *Arsenic and Old Lace*, a name that is brandished proudly across its conspicuous black and purple sign, in a peculiarly crabbed script not often seen outside the most arcane manuscripts. There is an ominous sense of displacement about the place, a feeling that it somehow doesn't quite fit in with its more sedate Massachusetts Avenue neighbors. If one dares to approach closer, one can see a mahogany shelf on display in the window, loaded down with scores of leather-bound ancient tomes, a very menacing stuffed owl, and various pieces of mourning attire. It produces the same kind of atmosphere that Poe's hapless protagonist must have felt upon approaching the monstrously evil House of Usher: *". . . I looked upon the scene before me — upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain — upon the bleak walls — upon the vacant eye-like windows — upon a few rank sedges — and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees — with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium — the bitter lapse into everyday life — the hideous dropping of the veil . . ."*

The decor inside the shop only serves to verify this disturbing initial impression. This is anything but your conventional run-of-the-mill antique store. Rare occult texts and offbeat mystery novels line the walls; funerary vestments hang in a neat row from a long rack; no less than *four* coffins occupy the back of the store, one fine old glass-topped oak specimen containing a compiete human skeleton. And in the middle of it all stands Sherry Gamble, a slim, black-garbed woman, watching over her domain with an air of obvious satisfaction. Naturally, I was at a loss for words.

"Pull up a rocker and talk for a while," Sherry said as she began to sort through a huge stack of assorted lace that had just been brought in. Still a little stunned, I did so, and asked her what had moved her to open this type of store.

"Well, I'd been collecting for years," she replied, "and about two years ago came up with the idea of opening an antique store. But I didn't want it to be just an ordinary antique store. I wanted to

Sherry Gamble

do something more offbeat than that. So, I started looking around the house to see what I had, and found things like poison bottles, hornet's nests, stuff like that. With flea markets, I found even more things along the same line, and it just kept growing and growing, until I eventually found I had enough merchandise to open a store."

Sherry went on to say that what she sells more than anything else are the mystery novels. The titles she carries are rather off the beaten track, thereby attracting some of the more hardcore mystery buffs. She also sells a great deal of lace trim, metal buttons, clothes, and those aforementioned mourning outfits. Why would anyone want to purchase mourning attire from an antique store in Cambridge? The question crossed my mind, but I decided that it would probably be better left unasked. Instead, I inquired as to the origin of the skeleton in the glass-topped coffin.

"Oh," she nonchalantly replied, "that's George. We don't really know if he's male or female, actually . . . even some of the medical students we've had in here have been hesitant to hazard a guess . . . so we called him George. It seemed like a nice, neutral type of name. The coffin itself is actually over a hundred years old, made of fine oak. The insignia on the side is that of the Oddfellows, a fraternal order on the line of the Masons who were quite prominent here in the last century. The top is glass, because the body had to remain in state for a while. Since embalming had not yet advanced to the level it has today, that was the only way they could view the body."

I'd heard about this before — how, in instances where the deceased had passed away under questionable circumstances, of some mysterious disease, for example, — the ritual of embalming was more or less dispensed with. Internment was generally a hurried, piecemeal affair. My mind went back to visions of Ray Milland, as the victim of a dread cataleptic condition, attempting to secure his means of escape, should his burial be a little too hasty, and he find himself awake and aware six feet under. And, of course, for the more classical minded, Poe presents us with this charming little tidbit:

. . . She presented all the ordinary appearances of death. The face assumed the usual pinched and sunken outline. The lips were of the usual marble pallour. The eyes were lustreless. There was no warmth. Pulsation had ceased. For three days the body was preserved unburied, during which it had acquired a stony rigidity. The funeral, in short, was hastened, on account of the rapid advance of what was supposed to be decomposition.

The lady was deposited in her family vault, which, for three subsequent years, was undisturbed. At the expiration of this term it was opened for the reception of a sarcophogus; but, alas! how fearful a shock awaited the husband, who, personally, threw open the door! As its portals swung outwardly back, some white-apparelled object fell rattling within his arms. It was the skeleton of his wife in her yet unmoulded shroud.

Awakening from this reverie, I found that Sherry was trying to engage my attention in another, smaller coffin — "a baby's coffin," she said — with a viewing window set into the lid. Yet another coffin lay perpendicular to this, but far more interesting was the rude pine box that stood in the corner, with a veil of black crepe hanging from it.

"You'd be surprised what people bring in here to sell," she continued. "They seem to think that I'll buy anything. About the strangest was one person who brought in a bag containing a snakeskin and a dog's skull.

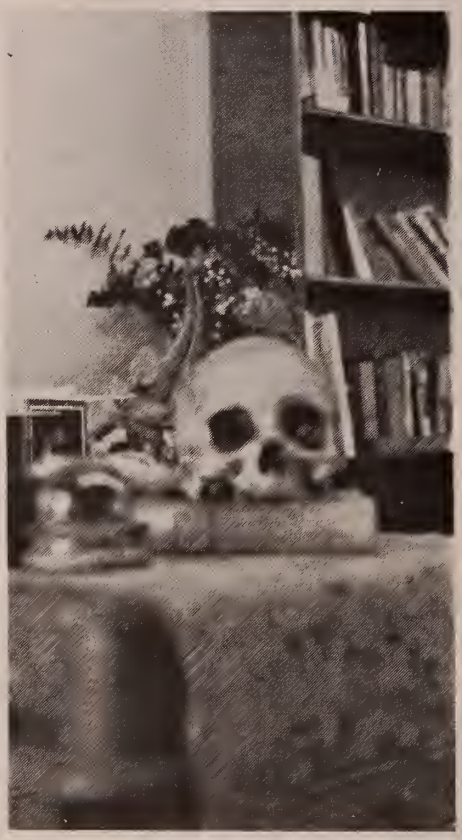
"We tend to have a lot of people looking for Post Mortems, too. That is, pictures of the deceased sitting in a favourite pose, or a familiar environment. They would just dress the deceased up in their Sunday best, and take their pictures, for the benefit of those relatives that couldn't, for some reason or another, attend the funeral." She also mentioned that there's a lot of interest in "dead baby pictures," but that sounded too much like an adolescent gross-out joke for me to inquire into any more deeply.

Arsenic and Old Lace has two floors. While the upstairs is primarily devoted to books, skulls, and other assorted sundries, the downstairs almost exclusively contains funeral trappings. At the risk of sounding trivial, I would like to point out that almost anything that one would want in planning a halloween party could be found right here. But Sherry insists there's more to it than just that.

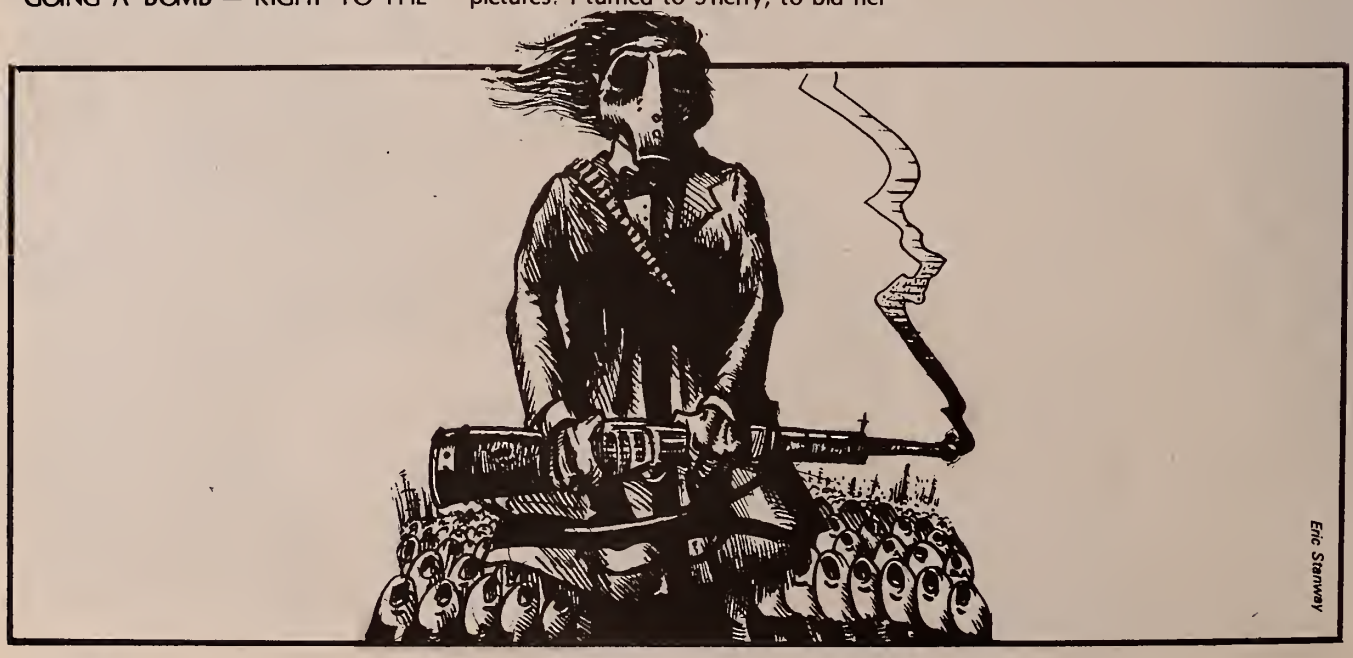
"I want this to be more than just a seasonal thing," she stated. "I mean, I've had people come in here and tell me things about what the Tibetans did with human skulls, and things like that. By the same count, I've had someone come in here, looking through the books, and asking what female mystery writer I'd recommend, apart from the usual Agatha Christie. That's what I want this shop to be. An information exchange — a place where people can ask questions or offer information that is unavailable elsewhere. A learning center for the strange and unusual, basically.

"I don't want people coming in with the idea that they can get a monster mask and a Dracula cloak from here. This isn't a joke shop. However, with a bit of improvisation, you can make a pretty passable costume. One girl came in, got some material, a hat, and some ostrich feathers, and made herself a chorus girl costume. You see, the potential for that kind of thing is certainly here; I just want people to see beyond that."

I certainly couldn't imagine anyone just zipping in for some particular decoration for their Halloween costume without becoming enmired in all the curiosities and nuances of the store. Anti-drinking-and driving-pamphlets: "GOING A BOMB — RIGHT TO THE MORGUE!" Photos of the Coconut Grove disaster. Killer Anacondas in South America. Mexican Mummies. Cannibal Headhunters. The list just goes on and on and on. But now it was growing dark. Shadows were lengthening across the wall, throwing that stuffed snarling polecat into an inky shadow. (Did it just . . .?! No. My imagination.) My light meter no longer registered adequate light, so I couldn't take any more pictures. I turned to Sherry, to bid her adieu, and saw that she was smiling a little more brightly than before. There was a gleam in her eye, and her incisors seemed to me to be uncomfortably large. I suddenly felt like Jonathan Harker, taking the coach up to Borgo Pass. All I needed was to see a middle aged Romanian peasant woman, crossing herself and imploring: *"Nein, nein, mein liebler Herr,* You must go home! Do not venture further!"



And now I find myself pounding this out on my typewriter. Funny how things work out; how what was a simple, routine assignment could change one's entire life. I got out of there, all right, but I'll never be able to resign myself to my present nocturnal lifestyle, or to the time I lost shortly after that interview. If it wasn't for that, I'd be all right. That and this strange burning in my throat; and this overpowering compulsion to catch flies and keep them in a little jar in my room.



A Struggle for Self Acceptance

by Mariann Samaha

He grew up in institutions, first Childrens' Hospital, then Lakeville, and finally Mass. Hospital School. At Childrens', he thought life was pretty bad. That was before he got sent to Lakeville. He would put himself behind the window and look out at the parking lot and at the trees swaying in the breeze, wondering if there was no other place for him. Inside, surrounded by four walls, he would see the same things every day: nurses in uniforms, wheel chairs, the four walls. He would go outside among the cars and trees, but still he was distant, detached, because he knew he had to go back. In spite of the television stories about heroes and law and order, Peter Cronis grew up understanding that there's no justice in life, that tragedy is real, and that if he wanted to get something done in his life, he was going to have to do it himself.

Peter is a victim of artrogryposis, a form of scoliosis, of which not much is understood in medical circles, and little was done until 1966, when a foundation was established. Scoliosis strikes mostly young people, from infancy through adolescense, causing a curvature of the spine and complications like paralysis, invalidism, and sometimes death.

Scoliosis, the cause of which is unknown, is a lateral curvature of the spine, which strikes mostly young people, usually appearing in early adolescence, or sometimes as early as birth. Possible treatments include traction, plaster casts, exercises, and orthopedic surgery, when all else fails. Childrens' skeletons are soft and amenable to correction as they grow.

In varying degrees of severity, scoliosis contracts the ribs and compresses the heart and lungs, restricting breathing and circulation. Paralysis occurs because a healthy muscle coordinated with an affected one also becomes affected, and so the chain continues.

In 1966, a new Scoliosis Research Society was established. Since then, there has been much new research on this crippling disease; the cause is still unknown.

Peter knew there was something wrong, something missing, when he was old enough to crawl around on the floor at home. Some of his earliest memories are of getting sick from the foul smell of ether several times before he could be placed on the operating table. In his childhood, ever present were the nurses, the figures who controlled what toys he had, when the television would be shut off, when to put an 18 year-old man to bed — sometimes as early as 7:00 PM. Peter had what some nurses considered an inappropriate attitude for someone who couldn't walk. He thought he had rights.

Peter is an English major at UMass/-Boston enrolled in the TCP (Teacher Certification Program). He wants to teach high school students. "I'd stress class participation. I didn't have that in high school. I'd get them to think for themselves, not just rely on me . . . Just because a book has four letter words in it, doesn't mean that it shouldn't be read. I got abridged books in high school. And I'd definitely not teach just white writers; I'd teach writers of all classes and races."

Peter may find himself confronting a well organized move to censure countless books from the schools and libraries across the country. But he is no stranger to confrontation. He's held on stubbornly to his identity and his beliefs in spite of the sometimes rough treatment, often dehumanizing attitudes, by some nurses who direct anger at patients who cannot react physically. Nurses would dismiss his indignation as immaturity, and Peter learned the only way to assert himself was by driving them beyond their limits of self control, to frustration and exasperation with a young man who per-

sisted in being heard. In his transition to university life, Peter had difficulties getting over fears and doubts imbedded since institutional life. He was afraid to talk outside of class, because people might not like what they heard, but he soon realized that he had to be who he was, and who he was was a likeable person.

Accepting himself for who he was came after many years of struggling and denial . . . "I always wanted to be a baseball player, I always thought God would cure me. Priests said that there was a reason why I was in the chair, why I must suffer. The nurses said I must suffer like Christ. My father always said, 'You're going to walk some day, don't ever give that up.' I wanted to be like him."

The day Peter came to UMass/Boston for freshman orientation was the happiest day of his life. He's a whole person now, he has ideas about what he wants to contribute to society, and he's not afraid to express his opinions to anyone who wants to hear.

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Tipping the Scales

by Mary J. Bonner

For the past two years, I have worked as a secretary at UMass/Boston and have enjoyed almost every minute of it. The hectic days at the start of every semester, the frantic days of exam week at the end of every semester, and all the busy days in between are balanced off by the slower-paced days of summer. During the summer, the volume of students and faculty members the office staff contends with is drastically reduced. This reduction makes summer the perfect time to catch up on projects around the department: reorganizing the office, getting a head-start on class work for the fall, and taking vacations. In other words, summer is the time for department secretaries to catch their breath between semesters.

Just as I was about to breathe my sigh of relief, I found a summons from Suffolk Superior Court in my mailbox. "You are hereby summoned to appear for Jury Duty . . . Failure to appear will result in the imposition of penalities as provided by law . . . Your term of service will begin on June 1, 1981 and will end on July 2, 1981." It was clear to me from the serious tone of this summons that it was not a cordial invitation to fun in the summer sun!

Plowing through my closet on June 1, looking for something to wear to make me look like a juror (What does a juror look like?), I tried to convince myself that doing Jury Duty would make me a better person, a good citizen. About an hour later, with each step I took toward the courthouse, I became more certain that I did not want to become a better person, or a good citizen; I wanted to be at work.

As I sat in the Jury Pool room on a metal folding chair among 500 strangers, across the smoke-filled room I recognized a person from my high school. We were only acquaintances in school but when Diane and I saw each other that morning it was like a reunion of long-lost friends. We talked for a while, but were soon interrupted by a court officer who began reading an alphabetical list of names over a microphone at the front of the room. Mine was one of the names called; Diane's was not. The orders to those on the list were to "go out the door, turn left, line up against the wall and wait for the elevator." My above average level of anxiety was increased by being herded around this dingy building to places unknown. I learned one thing about myself on June 1; I have no sense of adventure.

About 20 people at a time were squeezed onto an ancient little elevator, taken up a few floors and led into a room containing only one long table and twelve chairs. We were left for over half an hour, twenty uncomfortable strangers with absolutely nothing to say to each other. Time dragged on slowly as the smoke filled the room. I believe that people should be warned that jury duty may be hazardous to your health.

The next step was for the "prospective jurors" to be led into the courtroom. I was amazed to find it similar to my image of what it would look like, based on all the courtrooms I had seen on television and in the movies. As I was trying to get oriented, a court officer yelled, "All rise!" The judge entered the room and took his place at the bench. The court officer continued with a speech he sounded totally bored with, ending with ". . . God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." By the end of the month, that quote had become ingrained in my mind forever.

The court clerk then asked all of the prospective jurors to take an oath: "Do you swear to answer honestly all questions as put to you?"

"I do." mumbled the apprehensive crowd.

"Please be seated."

After administering the oath, the court clerk introduced the judge, attorneys and defendants, and read a list of the witnesses. Prospective jurors were instructed to come forward if they were familiar with any of the people involved in the trial. After all responses to that inquiry were dealt with, the charges against the defendant were read. In the first case I was called for, the defendant was charged with numerous counts of supporting a prostitute, one count of molestation of a 14 year old boy, one count of rape of a 14 year old girl, and one count of rape of a 16 year old girl. As I looked at the defendant, I realized that I had already judged him guilty, so when the judge asked if anyone had formed an opinion of the defendant and could not be an impartial juror, I felt obliged to confess. The judge thanked me for being honest, excused me from the case and sent me back to the jury pool. Two days later, I was told by another juror that the defendant in that case confessed to all of the charges against him.

Later that first week, I was called to a courtroom and, before I knew it, I was chosen as one of twelve jurors for a robbery trial. Court recessed for lunch after the jury selection was completed, and I locked myself in the nearest ladies room and panicked. My knees were shaking, my hands were trembling and my stomach was queasy. I wondered how long it would take them to find me and how long they would put me in jail if I sneaked out of the courthouse at lunch and never returned. Fearing a criminal record slightly more than serving on a

jury, I decided to stay.

That afternoon began four days of testimonies. Once the trial commenced, my anxieties subsided and I became an attentive, calm juror. The District Attorney spent most of the trial smiling at the jury. Some of the more experienced jurors in my groups called his actions the "nice-guy" approach to influencing the jury. The Defense Attorney, according to the same jurors, was a "shyster lawyer" who badgered the witnesses and evoked almost constant objections from the District Attorney. Therefore, it was the judge who was totally responsible for keeping the proceedings moving in an orderly and judicial manner. He showed genuine concern for the rights of the defendant and the witnesses, and total regard for the comfort of the jurors. He interposed explanations of legal terms and procedures to the jury as needed, and encouraged us to speak out if we had any questions or difficulties during the trial. When the atmosphere in the courtroom became tense, he would either interject a humorous remark or call a brief recess to ease the tension. His conduct made the trial an informative and more pleasant experience for everyone involved.

On the fourth day of the trial, the District Attorney and the Defense Attorny made their closing statements and then the judge gave instructions to the jury. He explained that a unanimous decision had to be reached on the basis of the evidence and testimonies presented during the trial. He also spent a great deal of time interpreting the phrase, "beyond a reasonable doubt." Since the defendant is the only one who truly knows if he is innocent or guilty, there is never any guarantee that the jury's decision is absolutely correct. But the judge instructed us to make a decision we felt was truth, based on what we had seen and heard during the trial. Then we were sequestered for deliberation.

For the next few hours, we discussed all we had heard and seen. Then it was time for a vote. The results of the vote were eleven guilty and one not guilty. It was at this time that one woman in the group made a startling statement. She said it was not for her to ever judge another person, so she refused to vote guilty, regardless of the evidence presented in the trial. I stood at the window, wanting to be released, while some of the other jurors debated the evidence with the holdout. My mind was crowded with visions of spending the weekend locked in the Suffolk courthouse. My attention was brought back to the deliberation room by a sudden outburst from the woman who refused to vote. As she threw her card with the bold, black letters "GUILTY" down on the table, she shouted, "Now you all have what you want. Go home and enjoy your weekend, if you can, after sending a man to jail!" During the sleepless night that followed, I was angry at the woman for trying to make us feel gulty for doing what we thought was the right thing to do. And I was more angry at "them," whoever had chosen me for jury duty in the first place.

The next three weeks were spent in the jury pool room playing cards, reading magazines and newspapers, and doing crossword puzzles. With all the financial difficulties the city and state are having these days, I found it a ridiculous waste of money to pay hundreds of people $14.00 per day to sit around and play cards. During my final week of jury duty, I was chosen for an assault case that lasted just two days. For the whole month of June, I spent only six days on juries. So besides being an enormous waste of money, it is a waste of time. This waste could be avoided if Suffolk County would adopt the system used in Middlesex County. The jury selection system there summons prospective jurors to report to the courthouse on an appointed day, and if he or she is not selected for a jury, the term of service is completed. If the person is selected as a juror, the term of service is complete at the end of one trial. This seems like a far more efficient system in every way.

The only positive thing that would be lost if the Suffolk court changed to the Middlesex system is the social aspect of jury duty. I must admit, no matter how much I detested serving on jury duty, I met some wonderful people. Some of us keep in touch and we've already had a couple of reunions. We often make jokes about requesting to be called back for another month together in the future. As for me, I hope that the Suffolk jury system will be history by the time I get "invited" back!

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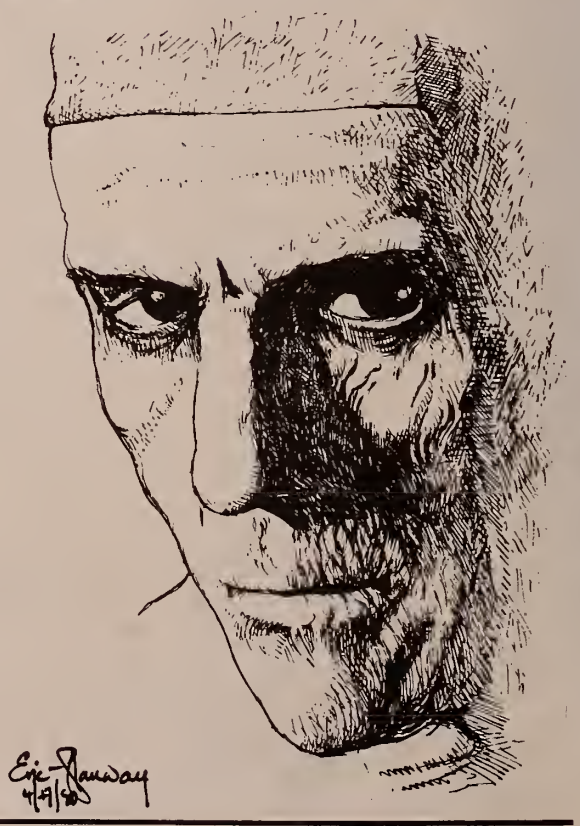


Dragon-Slaying Between Classes

by John Dumas

Long had they sought the dragon's lair. The local villagers, long sundered from Lord Rogan, worshipped the young red dragon as a manifestation of their god, Draco. The adventurers had asked by the villagers if they knew where the rumored dragon was, and were told to look on the east side of the Lonely Mountain in the Forest Fetchbriar.

Fetchbriar was an evil place, populated by the litch-king Angbar and his court of rotting undead. Every step of the way thery were fighting zombies and skeletons. They finally reached the mountain-side: no dragon was there. But, from the top they could see him suning himself in front of his lair, a mile past the town.

As they descended from the mountain-side they could see the ghastly army forming below. With a shout, AEthelbard charged into the host of enemies. When the sun set that evening he was surrounded by the wriggling flesh of the undead. This was gathered and burnt in great bonfires. Though the evil of Fetchbriar was gone, a watch was posted as the smoke from the fires rose into the night sky.

The next morning they set out toward the dragon's lair. They curved their trail past the town, avoiding the villagers. AEthelbard led the way, hacking through the underbrush with his sword. Soon he could see the dragon. Great clouds of sulfurous smoke hung around its head, obscuring vision beyond.

The dragon stirred and started to move in their direction. AEthelbard drew back, tightening his grip on his sword, prepared for battle. But the dragon went into his lair. The adventurers approached. A wind came, dissipating the clouds. There, chained to a rock, was a youth.

"Well," Camserg said to the youth, "it sems we'll have to cheat the dragon out of his last planned dinner."

"Begone, infidels!" spat the youth. "I'll not have you defile the holy shrine of Draco."

"Defile?" queried Mithelen, "What could be more defiled?"

"My lord!" yelled the youth, "I am for thy holy nourishment. Save me from these infidels!"

The dragon appeared, attracted more by the noise than by the words. He raised his head, spewing flame across the clearing. Grendel the Stealthy was not quick enough. He rolled to the ground, trying to extinguish the flames, but did not succeed. With a cry he was dead.

Camserg the Strong pulled his sword from its scabbard. His leige, Lord Rogan of the Eastern Domain, had sent him and the other adventurers to gather the blood of a red dragon. Camserg would succeed, or die trying; he was not planning on death.

As the dragon raised his head again, Camserg charged forward, swinging his broadsword in a great arc. The dragon could not escape the blow; blood gushed from its neck. A spear flew by, barely missing Camserg. Instead, it sunk into the dragon's neck, right below the wound.

The savage reptile attacked again, bringing his toothy maw within inches of Camserg's head. The valiant fighter swung his sword again, but he too failed to strike his foe.

Froda called upon his skills as a mage and loudly spake some arcane words. Then he opened a vial and dropped some water onto the floor. This was followed by a pinch of dust which had been hidden in his sleeve. From nowhere, giant hailstones started to fall. These struck the dragon, forcing it to pull back in pain.

After the magical storm ended, AEthelbard drew his sword and swung at the dragon, severing the monster's neck. The head fell to the ground, nearly striking AEthelbard. The body stayed upright, as if it did not know it was dead. Then, suddenly, it too fell to the ground. The monster was dead.

The two fighters in the party, Camserg the Strong and AEthelbard the Fierce, began to pour the still warm blood ito jars. As they did this, Mithelen the Wise began to bring Grendel back to life.

There are six people sitting around a table which is littered with papers, little figurines, and strangely shaped dice. One of the six is separated from the others by a small paper screen. He has strange maps, much like the ones the other people have, but more complete.

The separate one speaks first. "Roll saving throws against dagon's breath."

The other five roll dice. These dice have too many sides.

"Made it," says the second person.

"Fourteen," says the third.

"Eight," says the fourth.

"Sorry," says the first person, "you're dead."

"Don't worry," says the second person, "you haven't lived until you've died at least once."

"Too bad," says the third person, "at least you survived Angbar. The dragon's trying to survive. A litch is nasty just for the fun of it."

The fourth one adopts the blank look of a novice. "What is a litch, anyway?"

"Undead evil magic-user or magic-user cleric." says the first one without a pause.

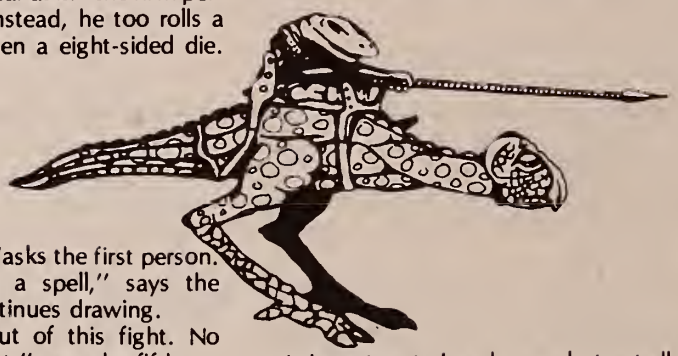
"Twenty." says the fifth person.

The sixth person looks up from a drawing. "My turn? Seventeen."

"I take out my sword and swing at the dragon." says the second person. He rolls the strange die again. "Nineteen!" He then rolls another die, this with only eight sides. "Seven!"

The first speaker reacts calmly to this. "It's only a sub-adult, but you're still twenty-six from killing it."

"I throw my spear at it!" the fifth person announces. Instead, he too rolls a die. "Fifteen," Then a eight-sided die. "Five."



"Anyone else?"asks the first person.

"I'm preparing a spell," says the sixth one, and continues drawing.

"I'm staying out of this fight. No need for a cleric yet," says the fifth.

"I'm dead," says the fourth.

The first person rolls a twenty-sided die. "Two. He missed you, Camserg."

"Oh?" says second, "maybe I'll be luckier." He rolls a twenty-sided die. "Nine. I missed him too."

"I'm ready," says the sixth one. "I'm casting an *ice storm*.

The first person rolls his twenty-sided die three times. "Twenty. It's weak. But not dead yet."

"I stride up," says the third person, "and swing." He rolls a twenty-sided die. "Twenty!"

"Critical hit. The monster is dead."

"Good," says the fourth person, "can I be raised from the dead now?"

"Okay," says the second person, "AEthelbard and I will start filling jars."

"I'll cast a *regenerate* and a *raise dead* on Grendel." says he second person.

The first person turns to the presumably dead fourth person. "Roll for shock."

The five people are playing a game called *Dungeons and Dragons* (TSR Hobbies). *D&D* (as players usually call the game) is one of the most popular games on college campuses today.

The most obvious reason for its popularity is the fantasy element involved. No matter what you are like in real life, you can become a hero from the Dark Ages while playing. And, in this version of the Dark Ages, magic is not just superstition, but a powerful force in the world.

There are certain procedures before a player becomes a hero. Each player must create his or her own character by random rolls of dice before play begins. A character can have any one of several occupations.

Here, full choice is not possible, as to an extent, the occupation is controlled by the dice. A very weak character (shown by a strength rating of 5, for example) could not hope to be a fighter, since fighters necessarily rely on strength.

Players must also choose the races of their characters. A character can be a representative of one of several races. The rules of the game consider the normal charactger to be a human but not all characters are human.

The choices are directly from fantasy. Elves, dwarves, halflings and half-orcs populate the game along with humans. Racial choice does involve occupation. No magic-user is ever orcish.

The one player who does not create a random character is the Dungeon Master; his responsibility is to create the environment. Without the Dungeon Master (or DM), there would be no game. It is the major goal of a DM to provide a challengng world to adventure in.

There are two types of DM who do not try to achieve this goal. One of these types is known as a *killer DM*. A *killer DM* is interested in killing the entire pary of adventurers by various sadistic means. Their dungeons (dungeon being a term for any game area: a dungeon could be a forest) are called *death dungeons*.

A *killer DM's* dungeon is not merely difficult; low level characters could not survive unassisted in a high level dungeon. A *killer DM* has no balance between the amount of monsters and treasure in the dungeon. A character must kill many powerful monsters to gain a little treasure.

There is no name for the other type of DM. There dungeons are referred to (with contempt) as *Monty Haul* dungeons.

A *Monty Haul* has the opposite imbalance. One player remarked this type of dungeon was good for getting useful items, which can be obtained without expending much effort.

But in spite of their usefullness to impoverished characters, *Monty Haul's*have the same flaw as a *death dungeon*. They are not fun.

The fantasy of the game cannot carry an inept DM. When faced with the choice of a poor DM or a good fantasy novel, most players would choose the novel. The game itself must be a good fantasy novel, ad-libbing by the participants.

But the game is more than *Monopoly*, with dragons replacing Boardwalk. *Monopoly* leans toward viciousness, with players trying to destroy the fortunes of everyone else. *D&D* has more co-operation between characters.

Co-operation is vital in *D&D*. Novices quickly learn what happens to their characters when they try to argue. Arguments at best bring monsters, curious as to the source of the noise. At worst it brings a knife between the shoulder blades.

Arguments do happen, but differences of opinion must be forgotten for the good of the group. Because of this, a DM will usually not allow races between which there is not hope of agreement (such as dwarf and half-orc) to join the same party of adventurers.

This aspect separated *D&D* from the more traditional games. Many games ask you to roll dice. Many games ask

you to plan strategy. Some games, notably the *new games* stress co-operation, and mutual success.

Few people play the *new games*, they require too many people to believe in non-competition. And, many of them require outdoor play. Not an exciting idea during a raintorm or blizzard.

The traditional games are too shallow for mass popularity at colleges. They are based on chance throws of dice. There is, unfortunately, no way to influence chance. The average student is not going to be held long by easily computed odds.

This leaves games of strategy, chess and the other classical games. These are not suited for group or casual play. Many of them have complex rules regarding length and direction of moves.

Fantasy wargames (of which *D&D* is one) get away from these problems. They combine random chance and strategy. Their rules tend to be complex except when regarding possible moves. Generally, the rules regarding movement tell you how fast you may go and that you may not walk through other objects under normal circumstances.

Like many games, *D&D* is flexible about the number of players in the game. Ten players are usually difficult for a DM to handle. With one player, usually more than one characer is being used. This one player can be in addition to the DM, or just the DM alone. In *D&D*, one can be a crowd.

D&D differs from traditional games in one aspect which is more imporant than the rest. You cannot identify with a

small plastic playing piece. In *D&D* players identify with their characters. This does not mean players wander about believing they are their characters. *D&D* players refer to those who try to live through their characters as with any one of several common terms, all of which indicate doubt about the other person's degree of sanity.

Games do not involve swinging a sword. All attacking is done by rolling dice. Games do not involve dressing as if your tailor was last hired by Shakespeare. There is a group which dresses in those styles, and holds tournements, but they are not connected with *D&D*

Earlier in this article, mention was made of six people; a DM and five players with characters. These were left without identities, since they were composites of many players and many hours of games. The real identities are more fun.

Real *D&D* players are both male and female (as are characters, although you don't have to have your characters the same gender as yourself). Many of the players here at UMB, work with computers or are science majors. This is no rule. You don't have to be a computer science or a physics major to enjoy *D&D*, but if you are unable to find one, you might want to place advertisements around campus.

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Womyns Music Festival

Allison Hurley

You couldn't get further away from it all for your summer vacation than Hespia, Michigan, a little-known midwestern hamlet that, once a year for the past six years, has been the site of the Women's Music Festival. This year, the festival boasted an attendance of some 8,300 Women, from as close as Ann Arbor and as far away as Australia.

One of the most impressive aspects of the four-day tent city was its success in utilizing an entirely cooperative structure. Each participant was required to work two 4-hour shifts, comprised of various kinds of jobs, such as security, kitchen work, day care, helping the differently-abled, and sanitation. Volunteers made up ninety percent of the entire work force for the four-day stay. Announcements of what jobs were available and how many volunteers were needed were broadcast every night from the stage.

Another impressive aspect was the basic thinking consciousness that prevailed in the organizing and actual functioning of the festival. For example, the event was entirely accessable to the differently abled, as snow fences were put down for wheelchair use so as to allow access to the day and night stages. Solar-heated showers were also built for the differently abled, who sometimes have circulatory problems associated with their handicaps. Certain times of the day were set aside at the always crowded merchants' tent so that the differently abled might also get a chance to talk, buy, sell, and enjoy the crafts offered.

There was an entire culture built in four days; the cooperation consciousness accompanied an educational and musical outreach program.

Workshops of various natures, ranging from percussion to midwifery, were held throughout the day. Jam tents were set up in every camping area for the use of any musician wanting to set up an impromptu performance, or for that matter, any amateur desiring to practice, listen, or just have fun. The day stage in our particular area held lotteries every day for the opportunity of using the day stage to play in.

The type of music offered by scheduled performers included a vast variety of disparate sounds. The *Contractions,* a women's punk rock band from San Francisco, opened the first night, and Terry Garthwaithe, formerly of *Joy of Cooking,* brought the festival to a close.

Although the event did encounter some minor problems, such as harrassment from local residents, as well as problems for Canadian women getting over the border, on the whole the festival was a success. However, to really experience the total intensity of such a women's event, you just had to be there.

Allison Hurley

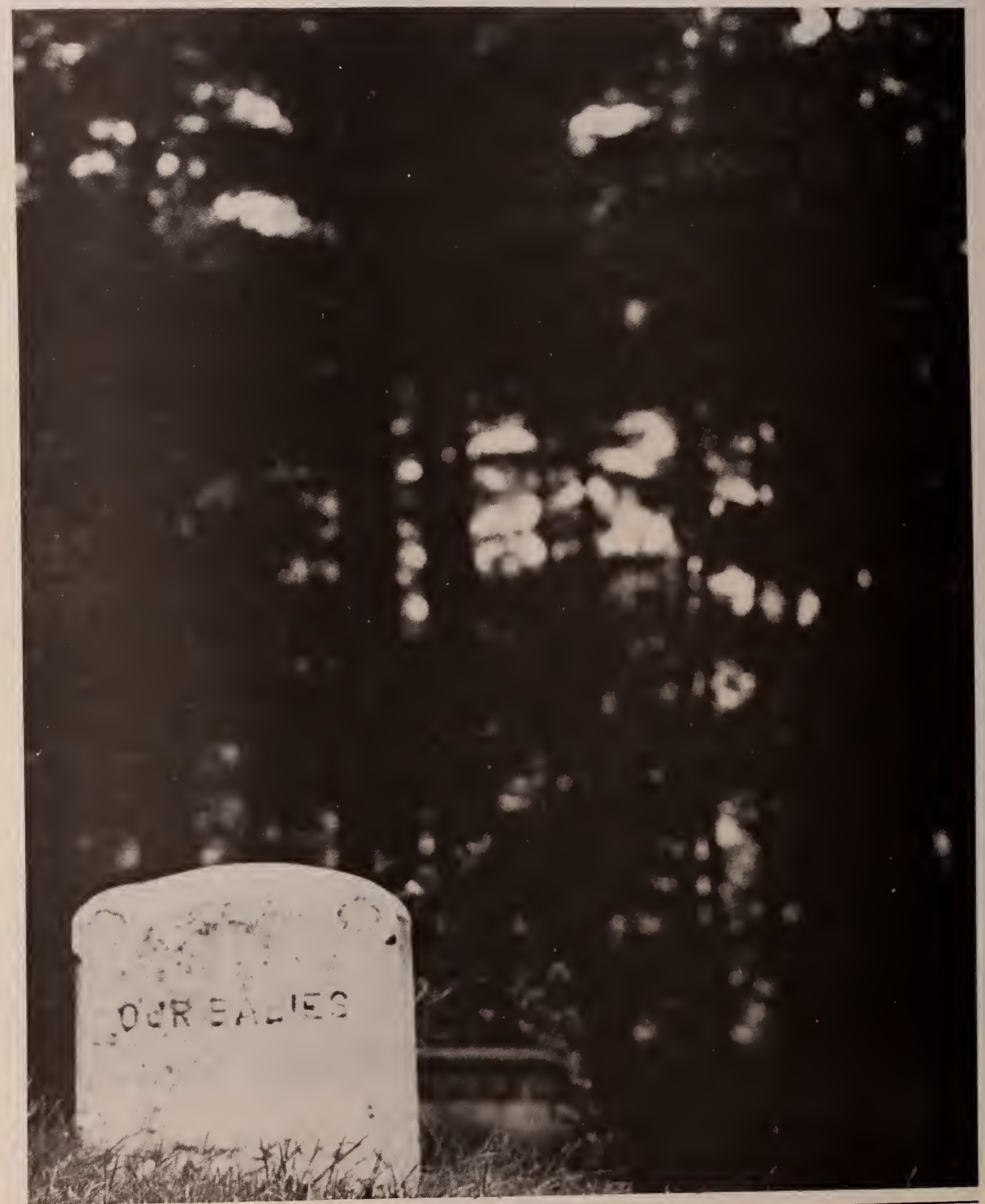
Allison Hurley

by Allison Hurley

Allison Hurley

Allison Hurley

Student Fiction



The Baptism

Monica Crowley

by Sarah Scoble

I slip into the house late at night or early in the morning, but it really doesn't matter when, because it's my house. It belonged to me once, and still does. I move about the room, chilling, like a March wind, silent and ever present.

I see Alex and Marie sitting in the living room in front of the fireplace. They have painted over the old lilac wallpaper that I had spent so much time picking out. Alex has his big feet resting on the footstool that my father gave me when I was first married. Marie looks so content, the way I used to when I lazed in front of the roaring fire. But this is my house, and I will never leave it. They will always know that I was here first.

Sometimes I move into the den and sit in my husband's rocking chair. It comforts me to sway back and forth and remember. I see Marie look up, and I know she has noticed the chair moving slowing in a rocking motion. I hear her tell Alex that it's happening again and he stupidly responds that it's the breeze off the pond. She is not convinced and insists that he get up and check the den and make sure that all the windows are secure. He does, but he should know better. Nothing can keep me from my house. When I get tired of sitting in the den, I move through the hall, lift the wrought iron door latch and go upstairs to my bedroom. They have disposed of my canopy bed and replaced it with an ugly low mattress. This is my favorite room, for from the windows that face South, I can clearly see Squibnocket pond. It is not frozen over yet. Whenever I move through this room, Alex comes up to see what the noises are. The door always creaks, as my husband never fixed it the way he said he would, though I'd asked him to many times before. Alex takes a careless look around, sighs and descends to tell Marie that it's just the house settling. I'm always glad when he's gone, because it gives me time to remember that day on the pond.

I was a May bride. Matthew and I moved into our new home immediately after the wedding. It was a beautiful house, especially because he and his six brothers had built it themselves. Matthew had consulted with me on even the smallest details, saying that this would be our home for the rest of our lives, and so it had to be just perfect.

We spent spring finishing and furnishing the house. In the mornings Matthew would rise and go to the fields to tend to our herd of sheep, and I would prepare a delicious breakfast for his return. I used to watch him, his back bent to the sky, from the kitchen window. Tiny wild flowers grew all around the house, and the pond was home to wild Canadian Geese, as well as ducks and swans. I felt so lucky to have found in this man a provider, confident and loving husband. I wanted to do everything for him, and with the nervousness of a new bride, I was only too willing to live for him.

At night, we ate meals of roast mutton, potatoes from our garden, tiny new peas and black bread. Then we'd sit in the parlor and Matthew would smoke his pipe and I would sew and knit, or just be content with the ease and comfort of my newly-found life. As the summer months grew nearer, we'd sit on the porch that faced the pond and wait for the first star to appear. Matthew would tell me to make a wish, and he always knew, without my ever telling him, that I would be for him, do for him, anything that brought him the happiness he deserved.

August was a hot month, and Matthew would always try to get me to swim in the pond. But he knew I couldn't swim well, so I'd go sit at the edge while he played and splashed about. Sometimes, he'd dive to the bottom and I'd be afraid that he wouldn't come up. But always, just as I would begin to get nervous, his shiny head would break the surface of the water, and he'd be there laughing in the sun. He'd swim right to the edge of the pond where I'd be sitting, and he'd kiss me and tell me that I look beautiful in the tall marsh grass. I loved him with all my heart.

As much as I loved the Summer, I would always look forward to Autumn. That would be the season when we'd pick apples and grapes. The nights would

be cool and breezy and the days would yawn and stretch and be as sweet and slow as honey. But Matthew began making more and more trips into town. He'd leave in the mornings after breakfast, saying that he had to go to town for grain, tools and winter supplies, and sometimes he wouldn't return until dinner. He'd tell me that he ran into one of his brothers and had gone to help him on his farm. It distressed me, because I was so lonely and longed to be with him as much as I could. I also noticed that Matthew had become slightly irritable with me, and the more I tried to please and do for him, the more fault he'd find with me. I felt, with growing dread, that the closeness we'd once shared was rapidly dissolving. If I told Matthew how I felt he'd reply with short, sharp answers, telling me that it was nonsense, and that a woman had to understand that a man had certain obligations that would naturally take him from his house. Business was business and could not be postponed because of romantic notions and silly pastimes. So I put the blame on myself, and became convinced that I should not be so selfish with Matthew's time, and that after all, he was working for me, for us, for our future. And yet, in the back of my mind, I knew that something had changed. Matthew didn't kiss me or touch me in the way he once had. In fact, he seemed sometimes to flinch when I would approach him or caress him, as though he had some aversion to me. And that, more perhaps than anything else, really hurt me. He wouldn't make love to me at night, using the excuse that he'd had a long day in the fields, or that his back was sore. But because he refused to discuss whatever it was that was bothering him, I could find no way to explain his iciness toward me.

One cold night, I awoke to find Mathew not lyng next to me. I got up and went downstairs, only to find him sitting by the dying fire, rocking slowly in his chair. When I called to him, he did not seem to hear me. But when I called again, he started and turned to me. I asked him why he was up, and he said that he couldn't sleep, so he'd come downstairs to think. Then he asked me a very strange question. He wanted to know in which church I had been baptised. I told him it was the Church of Christ in Chilmark, and he frowned. He said he did not like that church, nor the priest who had performed the services there. Then he made an odd request. He asked me if I loved him, and naturally I eagerly replied yes. He asked me if I'd do anything for him, and again I said of course. Then he got up and came to me and held me in a way he hadn't in months. He even kissed me tenderly and gently. Matthew said he was . . . a religious man, and I said that I knew that, but he told me not to interrupt. He wanted to be allowed to baptise me properly, an he couldn't think of a more apropriate place than in our pond. He said that because the pond was on our land, which we worked and cultivated, and because the pond was created by God, his desired closeness to God could not be better achieved than by a baptism there. I was rather shocked and started to protest, but he kissed me again and asked me to do it for him, if not for myself. I was startled at the intensity of his emotion and his urgent pleading, but was also happier than I'd been in a long time, and thought that perhaps this would be a new beginning for us. Perhaps he would think me a worthier person after this ceremony was performed. In a way, it was a romantic idea, so I agreed. Matthew smiled, kissed me and said that now would be the perfect time. I protested, asking if we could wait until the morning, but he insited that a baptism under the stars would be far more romantic and satisfying.

Outside, wind tore at my nightgown and robe. Matthew led me to the pond without saying a word, and I held onto his hand and ran alongside him. I walked to the edge of the water with him. He muttered reassurances to me all the while, and carried me into the pond, gradually lowering me into the bone-chilling water. He told me not to be afraid, that he was just going to dip me in, and then we'd go back to the house and stoke up the fire, but his grip on me tightened painfully. Seconds passed like hours as I attempted to get free, tried to stop him pushing my face under the water. I gasped for air, but my lungs filled with the pond murk. The harder I fought, the more he hurt me. I knew then that I was going to die, and even stranger, I knew why. That nagging feeling that I'd had, all those lies and excuses had nothing to do with work or anything else. My beloved Matthew wanted to get rid of me for another woman. But I swore, as the strength and breath left my twitching body, that I would come back. This was my house, my land, my pond and my husband.

I hear Alex and Marie downstairs. They are talking and quietly laughing, but it seems wrong that they should enjoy so much happiness in what was once the site of my future. I am saddened by the setting sun over the pond and cannot stand to look at it anymore, so I move to the head of the stairs. I see Marie coming up, looking a little nervous as though she's expecting someone to jump out of the linen closet. Alex calls up after her and asks if she's going to run a bath. She says yes and walks swiftly into the bathroom. I know that I must leave now, for I cannot bear the sound of running water. But tomorrow, after the dishes are done and the washing machine's shut off, I will come back. Perhaps I will sit in the den, and as always, Marie will look at the swaying chair and Alex will come in to check the windows. Tomorrow I'll be back. This house belongs to me.

The Hanging Tree

by Brian Patterson

He stood silent at the back door of the hall, testing the air. It was crisp and cold and it felt good. Inside the air was close, filled with the tangible tension of people, preparing. Too many people moving too quickly about. There was the faint smell of perspiration. He was not a part of the activity, save for the fact that his mother was, and he did not want to be. There was something wild in the night made him afraid. He wanted to leave, to be at home in his bed with a fire and his mother as she always was. She was strange tonight, distracted, as she had been all day. He wanted to go inside and sit by her, watch for some familar gesture. They wouldn't let him go behind the stage, however, and he didn't want to be inside, anyway. The hall was too bright, filled with too many people. All the village seemed to be there, laughing and drinking and singing. He hugged the door frame and leaned earnestly into the briskness of the night. He felt more than a vague distress. Something in his stomach surely, fluttering, but something more. It was the uncertainty of a child who senses that there is a time when even grown-ups hold no claim of control over events.

He moved out into the small courtyard to the bench and pool that lay in the center. Sitting down he stuck his fingers in the black water, playing, making ripples and little waves. He tried carefully to cut the reflected moon into pieces and could feel through his hand the clear cold.

"Arnie," Her voice was sharp yet calm. "You come inside, it's too cold to be outside. And you've got your fingers in that water." She was moving towards him now, her long white gown billowing and seeming to glow in the strange mixture of moon and the flat black of their surroundings. "Arnie, take your hand out of the water!" She stood before him in silence and watched as he lifted his hand from the pool and let it hang, dripping, for a moment and then wiped it carefully on his pants. She had her hand on his head and as she stroked his hair lightly he could feel a slight shaking. "Now your pants are wet and if you stay outside you'll be sick. Come inside now and go up front with Carlota. Will you do that for me? Please." Her please was strained, her throat tight. He sensed she was asking for comfort, something she had always given to him. The feeling in his stomach had grown more volatile and there was a heaviness in his throat like he would cry. He reached quickly for the hand she offered and followed her into the bright warmth of the hall.

Sitting behind the counter, near the front door surrounded by fragrant pastries and the bustlings of Carlota, he felt better. And yet she had not succeeded in tempting him with any of the just baked confections. Even when she'd stood before him with a bowl of steamy squash, crinkly on top with a heap of heavy sugar, sweating with butter, he'd only shook his head and looked at his shoes. "Your very favorite," She'd said ruefully shaking her head at the girl who'd brought it and let her take it back to her own counter.

All the people had arrived by now, filling the hall with noise and color. Their faces flushed with cold, excitement and drink, they seemed to Arnie almost frantic in their celebration. they were laughing too loud and drinking too much of the steaming rich cider that bubbled in kettles, set at the sides of the huge fireplace in back. And they all seemed so small, like children. Even Patrick Kimbel, who came so often to help his mother with the heavier chores. A big man, he had always been in charge of everything. But tonight, Arnie, who had seen the moon reflected in the pool, knew better. And the whole village seemed to know or at least sense the uncertainty as they bolstered false confidence with laughter and cider.

Carlota was a part of them at times: when they would crowd around her counter, clamoring for this and that, pointing and pushing and teasing her. She'd toss the dark curly hair that normally rested at her shoulders and smiling to herself innocently hand them the wrong pastry. And when they protested she would stand back with her hands on her hips and loudly berate them. She moved quickly and efficiently from one end of the counter to the other, unerringly helping the person who was next in line. She thrived on the audience and spoke quickly to everyone, joining in heartily if someone started up a song. But Carlota had drank no cider and when there was a lull she sat down next to Arnie wearily and shake her head in the direction of the fireplace.

"Look at them lining up to fill their mugs. Some of them must be going back for their fifth or sixth. They're a wild bunch this night, child, I'll tell you that. A wild bunch if I ever saw one. No harm in cider or anything of that kind." She was up now sweeping carefully the crumbs she'd dropped while working. "No harm in having a good time. But," and she stopped sweeping to rest on her broom and look at him with big, intense eyes, "tonight is the night of the changing and it almost scares me to see them acting as though they had forgotten the very meaning."

"Ach." She scoffed and continued sweeping, more briskly than before. But stopped again shortly and looked at him for a moment. "You're awfully quiet tonight, Arnie." It was meant as a question but all he could do was lower his head and look at his lap. "You're afraid, aren't you? Because of your mother." She set down the broom and moved to the oven. "Your mother's the best there is, child. She's been doing it since before you were born and every year since. And never a mistake." She opened the oven door, poked at something, closed it and began to wipe the counter. "Oh I know how it is the first year you're old enough to attend. It is scary and especially so, I suppose, if your own mother is," — she paused and scrubbed hard at something stuck on the smooth wood — "one of the participants. But I'll tell you, Arnie, when you were just a baby you were here. I took care of you. And when it was all over your mother came back here, smiling as if nothing had happened. she asked how you had been and I told her you had been just fine, never cried once. And babies know, child. They just sense things and you never cried . . . once." But something in the way she stopped wiping and just stood staring at the stage, something in the way she seemed to say it more for herself than for him made him even more afraid and his stomach churned thickly. "Now run along, Arnie, there's nothing for you to be worried about. Nothing's ever gone wrong as long as I've been around and nothing's going to tonight." She looked at him and smiled slyly. "You can have a little cider if you don't tell your mother." He moved off glumly and stood by the fire so she would think he was waiting in line. The flames were close and the backs of his legs began to itch but it didn't make him warm.

Suddenly, an eerie wail cut through the chatter of the villagers. It struck Arnie sharply and he lurched back, grabbing weakly for the fireplace wall. The warm stone felt solid under his finger tips and he held for a moment as the wail continued. It rose and fell and was joined by other voices in counterpoint. The sound grew until it reverberated throughout the long hall. The crowd had fallen quickly silent but were moving, intently, to gather around the stage. A group of women occupied the center. Dressed in white like Arnie's mother they were completely absorbed in the creating the call that beckoned the villagers and seemed to transfix them. They stood, faces upturned, pressing in as tightly as they could. Arnie moved slower than the others, finally stopping at the very edge of the crowd. He could hardly see the stage from where he stood shivering, head down, fighting a sickness the wailing made worse.

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Sinking to a low hum the women let the call of the changing drift away moving slowly to the back of the stage where they began a song the villagers recognized immediately. All the people joined in and the hall almost shook from the strain of so many voices lifted in unison. As they sang, certain people moved about and candles were tamped and curtain drawn before the fireplace in a rush of heavy fabric. There was a grinding above them, the sound of stone on stone as part of the roof was pulled away. A shaft of moonlight pierced the darkness and filled the center of the stage with chalky light. the people seemed not to notice, they were so completely engrossed in their song. Some of the women at the back of the stage had fallen into trances, wailing spontaneously and swaying wildly. When the song had stopped abruptly the silence was just as intense.

A girl, pale, her hair glistening white-gold, came out slowly from somewhere behind the stage. The villagers pressed tighter, and became, though it didn't seem possible, quieter, as though they were all holding their breath. Where the moon touched the girl she almost glowed and when she reached the center of the stage she stopped; her eyes closed. The women behind her began to chant, words Arnie couldn't understand or didn't know. The girl started to sway fluidly back and forth, her long hair accentuating the movement.

With the heat from the fire aborted, the hall had grown quickly cold. Arnie was shivering incessantly now and as the unfamiliar chanting began to build, the boiling in his tomach reached the point where it could be held back no longer. He moved quickly, miserably behind the people. Along the side of the stage and then behind it, out the door into the courtyard. Falling to the ground he vomited, on grass and bushes, tears forced from his eyes. He lay for a moment, oblivious of the many small rocks pressing into his body, and listened. From the doorway the sound of the chant had risen unbearably and when it stopped suddenly, he knew with fear, deep fear of the darkness around him, what had happened. He knew that where the girl with the long hair had been there was now only a glass ball, suspended in air, sparkling with reflected light. That was her changing. He knew because his mother had told him this morning. Told him unwillingly only because she could see how fearful he had become of the night before them.

"It's like a game," she'd said. "A pretty game. Elisa is first and she has never changed before. Hers is a shining glass ball that will hang in the air for just a moment and then" she had added this quickly, "Elisa will be there again. And then will be me. My changing is a lion which is a little harder than Elisa's because it is alive. A beautiful golden lioness. Like a big cat, Arnie," she'd added, mistaking the question in his eyes. He'd asked it then, haltingly: "Will I . . . will I be able to pet you?" "No dear, you mustn't pet me, I'm sorry." Once again she had misunderstood him. It was the idea of touching his mother, a lion, that frightened him most.

He heaved himself up from the ground in horror of

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the moment which was now so close. He stumbled weakly into the hall but could make it only as far as the steps that led to the stage. Only a thin wall separated him from the front of the stage where Elisa now stood. He could tell she had been successful in her changing because the people were applauding with great vigor. The women in white were directly level with him, yet so lost in their chanting they had no idea he was there. He watched, stretched out on the stairs as Elisa walked off the stage in a daze. As she went down the stairs on the other side, Arnie saw his mother coming up. His heart began to pound faster. He was too close. He should be in the very back of the hall hiding his head. And for a time he pressed his face into the wood of the stairs, his cheek rubbing dust that had collected there. Trying to drown out the sound of the women as they began their chant for his mother. But when they reached a certain point he suddenly felt that he must look. And he sat up slowly, almost against his will.

His mother was glowing in the center of the pool of moonlight, lost in trance. Her arms were upraised, elbows rigid and tucked into her sides, wrists limp. The chanting of the women was increasing now in speed and pitch. Arnie wanted to run out and shout at them, stop them, for it seemed they were manipulating her with their words. But he was too frozen with fear and cold. He simply sat, motionless, with his arms wrapped tightly around his body and watched, helpless as his mother began to sway wildly. She was circling now on planted feet her hands splayed out. The chanting, so close to Arnie's ears, was at the unbearable point, yet he was oblivious to everything but the spectacle of his mother, a wild apparition aglow with moonlight.

Suddenly, the women's chanting became a long drawn-out shriek and Arnie's mother's arms were thrown out from her body. She contracted convulsively, painfully at the waist and then was gone. Arnie could feel her absence. The place she had occupied was not empty: there was the dull thwack of vacuum, an air sucking sound, and then a sharp crack. High in the air there suddenly appeared glittering shards of glass. They hung there for a moment, piercing and striking the darkness of the hall with reflected light. And then in a rush they fell to the stage to lay lifeless and dull on the wood.

"She didn't make it," a man's voice shot hollow and disbelieving across the hall. There was a shocked scream and then cacaphony as people began to move, sluggish in horror.

Arnie heard nothing. He had reeled back against the wall crashing into stone with his head which was now ringing now, unbearable. His eyes were open but he couldn't see. Pain. He could only feel: the tears on his cheeks, the wood beneath him and the solid stone. And pain, that surged from his head down his back. He struggled to his feet and felt his way wildly along the passage. His eyes cleared slightly and in a haze he found a changing room far in the back. There were towels there hanging in a line on a rack against the wall. He grabbed at them pulling them down on top of him as he flung himself into the corner. Burying himself and trying, desperately to bury the sound. Not the noise of the crowd which was all around him and not the sound of the glittering pieces as they hit the stage. Before that. The sound of breaking glass.

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The Tight Rope Walker

By John Hawkins

He had had enough. To hell with it all — he was finished. They could muddle someone else's mind, but he would no longer allow them to squeeze and twist his — it was over; the whole goddamned web of pretension.

"Jim — go to lunch — you look exhausted," said the supervisor.

Yes — he should go to lunch. He looked exhausted. Had he just said that to himself? No. No he hadn't. Some distant voice — a compassionate voice.

"Hey Jim, are you alright?"

"Huh? Ah yes — yes — I'm alright," replied Jim, startled.

The supervisor was staring, searching — desperate to comprehend a meaning behind the exhausted face. Well let him investigate — let him stand there gawking — he could jeer if it came to that. It no longer mattered. His mind was made up and nothing would change it.

"Look Jim — go to lunch. You've been working too hard on that Lippincott file. Get something to eat. Think of something else for awhile. You'll find it easier to deal with when you come back — "

"No!" Ha?! Come back. That was a laugh. But wait. He had best appease the supervisor lest he get suspicious. "A-a-I'm sorry for snapping at you like that. Okay I'll go to lunch — " — it would be helpful if he could manage a smile, ah, his lips were behaving beautifully " - but please, let me alone. I-I have a terrible headache." That was an understatement if there —

" — Sure Jim. See you after lunch."

Pah! Fat chance! Lunch? He was not hungry. He was tired. Tired of lifting a fork to his mouth. Tired of lifting a pen. Tired of standing. Tired of sitting. Tired of being tired. What a headache he had. To hell with lunch. He'd go up to the roof instead — to that spot that he always went to when he needed to be alone to think — away from the petty plastic mechanics of the ubiquitous multitude.

The door to the roof was open. Jim stood there in the doorway, reluctant to exit; he wanted to be left alone. Couldn't he find solitude even up here? Perhaps the wind had blown the door open — sure! — if the door had been left unlocked, then the wind could easily suck it open — but what was that metallic banging? He exited onto the roof. An old man. An old man was fixing the air conditioner. Chances were that the repairman wouldn't see him, and probably wouldn't bother him even if he did. Jim went over to the edge of the roof and sat down, his legs dangling above the crowded streets which lay four stories below. His mind leapt inside itself. The fierce headache was dissipating — rolling from the top of his head, like syrup, down his neck and through his spine.

Thought sped through him. Bizarre thoughts. Thoughts that he would not have though possible of himself. He became tense. Then a terrifying question forced itself on him — what was normal? What was normal! He laughed aloud. He had never really loved — nor had he been adequately loved. Perhaps there was no love. Yes! Yes it was all a fabrication! A divine invention to prevent people like himself from fatally ending their own misery. There was Theresa. Theresa! Yes — hahaha — oh, how he had wanted Theresa! What a joyous night that had been when when he met her in that bar. Then she told him that she was a trans-sexual! He had desired a *trans-sexual*! What a repulsive memory. What was normal? Again he laughed aloud, relishing the irony of his memories.

Look. Look at those people below — scurrying, lost — mechnical. What if it was all a plot — not against him, but a plot against everyone. Why not? Self-preservation, surely that was the only reality. The whole plot had been worked out by self-preservation to protect everyone from discovering the meaninglessness of existence. Belief! Belief — yes — there was the assassin of truth. There was self-preservation's hit man. Oh, if he could only collect his thoughts — he would blare them out to the world. Religions, societies, symbols — it was all an invention to keep man intact and alive. Thoughts were running madly through his mind — in fact, so quickly that it seemed like attempting to recall a lifetime of dreams to grasp hold of one thought for a moment. It was all becoming frighteningly funny.

"Hey are you alright?" It was the repairman standing at the doorway to the staircase. Jim was only vaguely aware of a voice attempting to distract him. The repairman panicked when he heard Jim laugh — what a strange laugh too! "He's gonna jump," mumbled the old man as he scurried downstairs to locate someone with whom he could share his conviction.

What had happened when he was young? Jim could not remember one moment of his childhood — perhaps that too had been a pretense! No, his instinct told him that he was lying to himself. How had he come to work as a litigation analyst? "What did that matter," he accosted himself aloud. Look at those people down there — their entire lives were centered around being intersocial. The moment any of them were alone for too long they became unbalanced. People were not supposed to be alone, because when they were, they began to think too much — and that was dangerous — dangerous for society's collective masquerade. Despair and nihilism were always only a footstep away — that was why morality had been invented — that was why there were terms like 'good and evil', 'society and individual', 'sane and insane'! It was always individuals who were declared evil or insane — but yes! — yes, such terminology and beliefs were necessary, despite their absurd nature, to insure the survival of the masses. They were the important ones — the people themselves were the definition of hope! Yet hope and love were lies — necessary lies! — but to have hold of either one was still merely a step away from alienated dread. Oh! How delicate the world was! How nearly impossible it was for two people to understand each other — it was hard enough to understand oneself! — particularly, in either case, when truth was always ready to belch despair in one's face. But perhaps such an understanding was love in its most ideal form. Then oh! — how precious and rare love was. And what — what of Progress, was that not merely a categorical inflation of self-preservation? That phrase again! Self-preservation: to the masses it meant the preservation of society and morality; to the individual it means the preservation and nurturing of one's most secret convictions and one's loneliness — even at the price of suicide or self-division. Amazing! Jim had never thought so clearly in all his life!

The sound of sirens grew louder and louder. Sirens! Hahaha! That was *it*! Police sirens, fire-engine sirens, ambulance sirens — what a terrifying cry they made — how passionately they personified Man's desolate position in the universe. How recklessly hysterical and primeval their shrill cry was! How indiscriminately — how easily they told the history of Man's powerful longings and bitter disappointments! Strange, but wasn't that what music, particularly jazz, tried to do — to express that eternal desire? What a strange thought! But what if it were true! What maddening thoughts! The clear blue sky seemed to tremble. The poppy colored Sun made his teardrops glisten like opals which poured from his eyes in unrestrained streams. Butterflies climbed from his stomach up to his heart and fluttered from chamber to chamber recklessly. His blood surged like hydrogen. How dizzy and giddy he felt! The siren cries were very loud now. There they were — right below — the fire trucks and police cars — oh! and an ambulance was fast approaching. But wait! Why was that crowd gathering directly beneath him? Why were they all looking up at him? The mass had suddenly stopped their endless blind weaving — and they were staring up at him! What? Where they thinking he was going to jump? But that was silly! He had so much to tell the world now. There was hope now — and on a grand scale! — perhaps he would be understood now. His lifelong desire to be understood — to understand himself — hadn't it now become manifest? Hadn't he finally found a reason to continue his petty existence?

"Jim don't do it," came the supervisor's voice from fifteen feet behind him.

Don't do it? Do what? What could they be thinking! He would turn around and bellow out his newfound joy; that would straighten matters out. But wait! What were they chanting from below? Impossible! They were chanting 'jump!' Not all of them, but why — why anyone at all?

"Don't jump Jim — we'll help you - the Lippincott trial's been exhausting for all of us. I'm sorry if I've pushed you too hard. But don't throw your life — "

What! But this was all incredible! How did they get such an idea! How could he tell them they they were wrong —

"— Okay step back. Let me try to reason with him. I stand a better chance at it than you — this isn't the first cat I've attempted to talk from a tree," mumbled the cop to the supervisor.

But he had made such great discoveries — war! — wasn't that desire's revenge against mortality? Jump? It had not occurred to him - especially not now — when he could be a humanitarian philosopher instead of a litigation analyst. Sure, he had been close to attempting suicide before — when death seemed like an oasis in the middle of life's desert. He understood too much now — but it was too late; they would never believe his innocence. They would lock him away in some mental hospital — probably for months, had longer if he refused to admit to suicidal intentions. And what he had to say would now only make matters worse for him — they would call his ideas symptoms — symptoms relative to suicidal ideology. Yes, it was all so simple now. He was doomed. Yes, he would be chemically induced into obedience — his ideas would dissolve — he would be told what to think, and what to believe — they would rob him of his world, his reality, and then throw him back into the crowd where he would be a myth among myths; broken, beaten, and normal. He had had enough! How could he have ever thought that they could understand him? He was beginning to comprehend the extreme beauty of life, and now they would treat him as a freak — a lunatic. Well perhaps he was! — perhaps anyone with an inkling of what truth meant was a freak. He was like the savage in BRAVE NEW WORLD — like Nietzsche in the modern world. It was over.

"Get away from me," Jim screeched at the slow dancing cop who obeyed the voice with a few reverse steps.

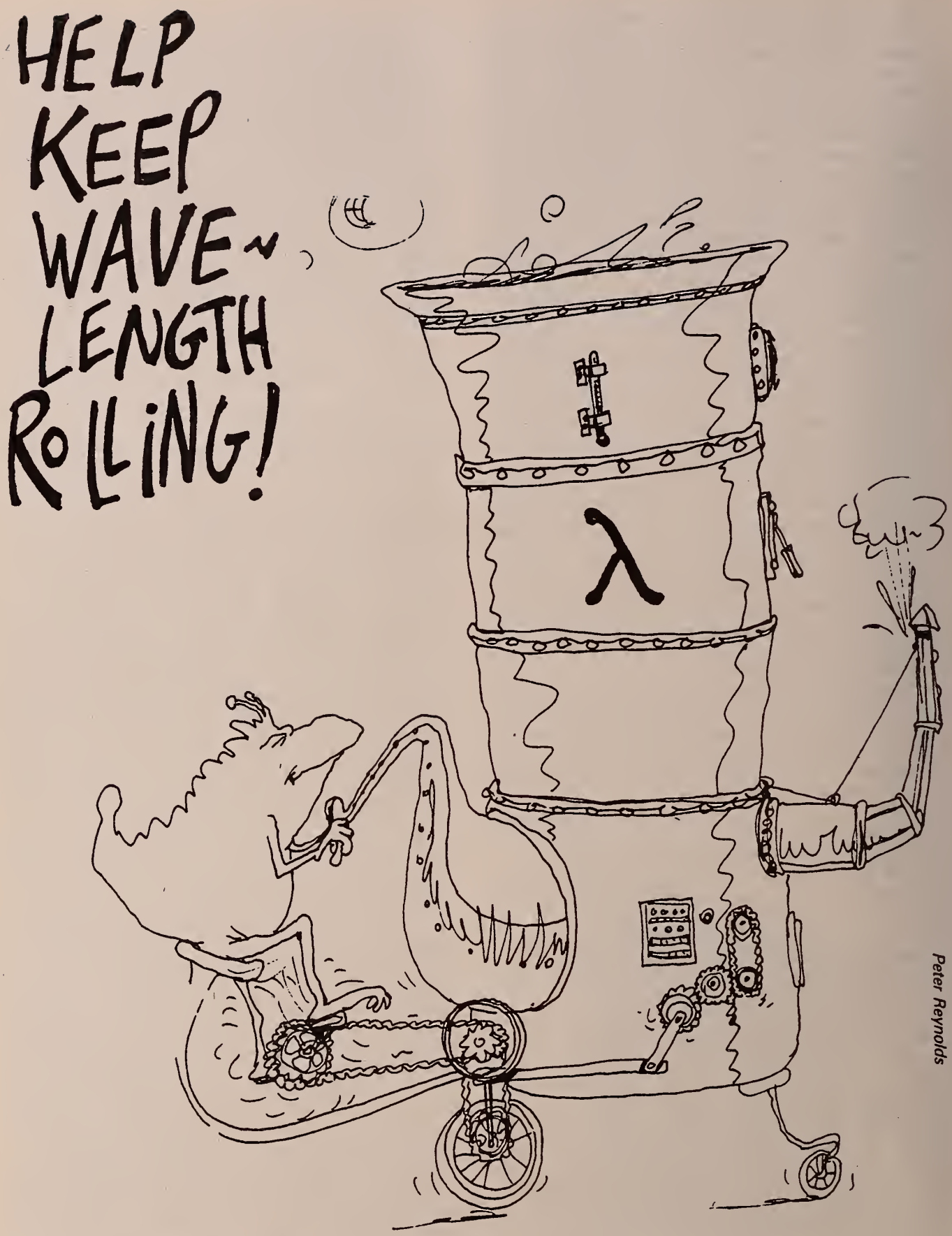
How they could gawk and chant down there! He was a regular attraction — a sideshow amidst an incredible carnival! A lone metaphor among a million similes! It was over! They had won. Society would win once more. Look at those faces down there — what a monstrous expression of gloom. It was all suddenly absurd. That frightened little boy clutching his indifferent mother's hand. That perplexing old man on the corner. Those professional life-savers with their professionally concerned faces. It was maddening — it was now impossible for him to survive among them, yet perhaps fatal to be alone and without a part to play in this open theatre. The telehone pole! He *must* reach that telephone pole! He would be safe from all the world if he could only reach it. A wire extended from the pole to a hook on the side of the building below the level of the roof. Yes! Yes, he would cross to the pole on that wire! Cross over to eternal safety. He would hug — love that pole as though it were life, love, hope, and desire collectively.

He had eased his feet down onto the wire, while maintaining his balance by clasping the edge of he roof with his hands. Several moans rose up from below. That silly cop was advancing quickly.

"Stay away — do you hear? Stay away or I'll let go!"

The cop was backing off, but was still uncomfortably close. What a mind-boggling sea of faces — an abyss — an abyss of history's eternal faces — all staring up at him with tremulous anticipation. He must cross this mosaic abyss of human expresion.He let go of his grasp on the roof. Miraculously he was able to balance himself on the bobbing wire for a moment before it snapped. The cop had caught a glimpse of Jim's face at the moment he began to plummet, and was the sole witness to the most incomprehensible facial expression that he had ever seen — something he would later describe as "ecstatic uncertainty."

Jim went crashing head first toward the multitude who, with squeals and horrified sighs, scattered like ants that panic when they have cause to sense approaching danger.



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